The Nation

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Summary of the News

Two sensational developments in connection with the war, the one arising out of the other, have occurred during the past week. The importance of both has perhaps been somewhat overestimated in the daily news. On February 4, Germany declared what has been, with fair accuracy, described as a "paper blockade" of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, to become effective on February 18. The text of the declaration by the German Admiralty was as follows:

"The waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole English Channel, are declared a war zone from and after February 18, 1915.

"Every enemy merchant ship found in this war zone will be destroyed, even if it is impossible to avert dangers which threaten the crew and passengers.

"Also, neutral ships in the war zone are in danger, as in consequence of the misuse of neutral flags, ordered by the British Government on January 31, and in view of the hazards of naval warfare, it cannot always be avoided that attacks meant for enemy ships endanger neutral ships.

"Shipping northward, around the Shetland Islands in the eastern basin of the North Sea and in a strip of at least thirty nautical miles in breadth along the Dutch coast, is endangered in the same way."

On the significance of this declaration we comment elsewhere. In point of fact, except for the clause relating to neutral ships, it would appear only to give verbal form to the practice which has obtained during the past few weeks. Germany intends to wage a warfare by submarines and mines on the merchant shipping of Great Britain. Provided this is carried out in accordance with the accepted rules of naval warfare, due observance being paid to the safety of noncombatant crews and passengers, the threatened action of Germany will not be such as to startle anybody. Nor will it be any new departure if the German fleet is able to intercept contraband of war carried on neutral vessels. If this is all the declaration of the German Admiralty means it is entirely legitimate, but it signifies no new departure. If it means more, it is either a "bluff," since an effective blockade, as understood by international law, of the entire coast of Great Britain and Ireland is manifestly not within the power of Germany to declare, or it indicates the intention to transgress hitherto accepted rules of naval warfare.

Whatever the ultimate effect of Germany's declaration of a "war zone" in the English Channel and around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland may be, it appears to have had an immediate effect on the master of the Cunard liner Lusitania, who on February 6 ran across the Irish Sea to Liverpool under the American flag. As we write, the full explanation of this incident is not available. It is denied that the master of the Lusitania acted under instructions from the British Admiralty, but at the same time the Admiralty justifies his action as legitimate in accordance with the rules of warfare. Of the legality of the matter there appears to be no question; concerning its expediency, on the evidence before us, there would seem, as we point out elsewhere, to be considerable doubt. The incident, so far as international questions are concerned, would appear to be sensational rather than important.

President Wilson's veto of the Burnett Immigration bill was upheld in the House on February 4. The vote was a close one, being 261 to 136, and a change of four votes would thus have been sufficient to give the requisite two-thirds majority to pass the bill over the President's veto.

The Naval Appropriation bill was passed by the House on February 5. From the measure as presented to the House were cut five out of sixteen coast defence submarines, one transport, and one hospital ship. In the course of the debate the House voted to abolish the Plucking Board, and also adopted the Hobson amendment, that no money should be expended for projectiles unless it should be demonstrated that shells of 12-inch and larger calibre could pierce 10-inch Krupp plate at a distance of 12,000 yards.

The status of the Shipping bill remains virtually what it was two weeks ago. Discussion of the measure came to an absolute deadlock in the Senate on Monday, when, the Democrats having been reinforced by the arrival of Senator Newlands, and Senator Smith, of South Carolina, it was seen that they commanded a majority of the Senate. The Republicans thereupon resumed their filibuster. An all-night session ensued, and both parties have declared their ability to maintain the fight. As we write, it appears probable that the filibuster will be kept up until the expiration of the present Congress on March 4. The President is understood to stand by his determination not to drop the bill, even though that course means the postponement of all appropriation measures and the calling of an extra session.

A communication from Ambassador Page to the State Department, on February 2, conveyed the information that the British Government had decided to treat cargoes of grain and flour destined for Germany and Austria as conditional contraband, subject to seizure and confiscation. This decision was taken as a result of the announcement by the German Government of the appropriation of all grain and flour to conserve the nation's food supply. In connection with this decision, it was announced on February 4 that Great Britain had decided that the cargo of the Wilhelmina, at present on her way to Germany, carrying foodstuffs, would, if the vessel were intercepted, be submitted to a prize court.

The inevitable occurred in Mexico on February 3, when Francisco Villa proclaimed himself "in charge of the Presidency of Mexico." In a supplementary statement on the following day Villa declared that his assumption of the executive power was reluctant and would be only of a temporary character "to preserve order and permit peaceful pursuits in the northern zone." He has summoned a meeting of his chiefs in the field to give formal sanction to his position. Meanwhile a "Mexico Peace Conference," which has assembled at San Antonio, has been disavowed by both Villa and Carranza, and Mr. Bryan, according to dispatches from Washington on Monday, denied that the State Department was in any way concerned with it.

The question of woman suffrage will be submitted to the voters of New York State next autumn. The resolution to submit the suffrage proposal was adopted unanimously by the Assembly at Albany on February 3, and was passed by the Senate on the following day.

In the estimates for 1915 the Budget Committee of the Russian Duma has placed revenues at 3,132,000,000 rubles, expenditures at 3,680,000,000 rubles, and extraordinary expenditures at 134,000,000 rubles. The Committee has expressed the belief that the financial resources of the country are ample to meet the estimated expenditures.

The Hodeida incident, which occurred on November 9 last year, and has been the occasion of diplomatic correspondence between Italy and Turkey since the first week of December, appears to have been finally settled. According to a dispatch to the Havas agency from Massowa on February 7, Mr. Richardson, the British Consul who was arrested by the Turkish authorities in spite of the protest of the Italian Consul, was on that day delivered up to the Italian Consulate, and honors were rendered to the Italian flag which was flying over the building.

At the re-opening of the British Parliament, Premier Asquith, on February 3, presented a resolution in the House of Commons inviting the House to devote the present session entirely to Governmental measures and depriving private members of the opportunity to introduce bills. The resolution was agreed to by Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, and was adopted by the House. On February 8 a new precedent was set in the introduction of the army estimates. The Government presented the various heads of expenditure, each under a nominal sum of £1,000, and asked the House to vote supplies for an army of 3,000,000 men, to be accounted for at the close of the war. In introducing the estimate, Harold J. Tennant, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, emphasized the importance of not allowing the numbers and distribution of the British forces to be known.

The deaths of the week include: Susan Look Avery, February 2; Albert J. Conant, February 3; Mary Elizabeth Braddon, Dr. Franz Adickes, Dr. Anthony Woodward, February 4; Theophile Poilpot, Judge Oliver H. Horton, February 7; James Congdel Fargo, the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir François Langelier, February 8; Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford, February 9.

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The Week

There is no present occasion for getting excited over the new German Admiralty order. It is three-quarters bluff. What it undertakes to do, it is not within the physical power of Germany to do. We have heard of "paper" blockades, which international law does not recognize; now we are to have an under-water blockade. That this can be made effective is unthinkable. The threat of it may have a certain military value for Germany. It will cause new anxieties in England about food supplies, and may easily push higher the already high rates of marine insurance. But that a few roving submarines can destroy the sea power of a country that itself has twice as many submarines as the German navy possesses, it is preposterous to imagine. Not even the German Chancellor could believe it. If the German cruisers and battleships dare not come out to contest the command of the sea, it is ridiculous to suppose that England can be blockaded and starved out in the way threatened.

The serious aspect is not military, but legal and humane. The order avows the determination to sink "every enemy merchant ship," without regard to the safety of "the crew and passengers." No one knows better than the German Government that this would be a clear violation of the rules of war at sea. These have, till now, been observed by German cruisers, and probably even by submarines. The captains of both the Emden and the Karlsruhe were exceptionally careful in their treatment of the crews and passengers of the merchant vessels which they captured. In a few instances, when there was no way of providing for the non-combatants, the German officers let the ships go. But now it is proposed to launch a torpedo at a merchant vessel as ruthlessly as if she were a warship. And it is even intimated that the same thing will be done to neutral ships on their way to English ports. The Berlin *Post* goes beyond the exact terms of the Government order, and declares that, after the date notified, February 18, "men and freight not only on British ships, but under a neutral flag, are doomed to sink." If this is not braggadocio, it is brutality. It is also arrant stupidity, for, if it were not held to be sheer piracy, it would be an act of war against neutrals—or, at least, an act which, if not instantly apologized for, with an indemnity offered, would lead straight to war. And even in their maddest moments of exaltation and recklessness, German rulers can hardly wish their country to be regarded as *hostis generis humani*.

Senator La Follette's resolution, authorizing the President to seek joint action by neutral nations, in order to secure peace, may not be got through Congress, and if it is it may not be immediately effective, but is a move in the right direction. It would be an impressive tender of good offices to the belligerent countries. None of them might accept it, at first. Any sign by one of willingness to cease fighting would be taken by the others as a confession of weakness. But the resolution of Senator La Follette goes much further than a proffer of mediation. It includes the terms of lasting peace—peace without a worm in it, in Cromwell's phrase. For the plan is to urge as an essential part of the settlement an agreement to limit armaments; to prevent the further private manufacture and private sale of arms and munitions of war; and to provide an international court before which all nations shall bind themselves to bring their grievances. The whole scheme may be said to be impracticable, at present. It can scarcely be more impracticable than the war is showing itself to be. In any case, the adoption of the resolution by Congress, and an earnest attempt by the President to carry it out, would be a fitting sequel to the refusal of the United States to rush into big armaments at this time, and would show what power we still believe to reside in moral forces.

For sanity of vision combined with moral earnestness, Kuno Francke's letter to Congressman Bartholdt, in protest against the proposed German-American "neutrality league," published in the New York *Times* of February 3, is one of the ablest expressions of opinion and judgment that the war has brought forth on either side of the Atlantic. Professor Francke's letter contains a full measure of pathos. It must be indeed hard for one so thoroughly convinced of the justice of the German cause, so convinced of the importance of a German victory for the best interests of civilization, to recognize the other necessity which the interests of the country, to which men of German blood have transferred their allegiance, impose. Never has the case been so well stated as when Professor Francke declares that, though war between the United States and England would unquestionably redound to the benefit of Germany, he cannot reconcile himself to the fearful price, thinking "as an American citizen." The "neutral" pretensions of the fomenters of hatred between this country and Great Britain are easily shown up by one who vindicates his title to American citizenship in his emancipation from the German militaristic ethics that necessity knows no law. Necessity in life is matched by necessity; and Professor Francke adheres to the necessity sanctioned by sound morals and common-sense.

In six months of war the British casualties have amounted to 104,000 men. This official estimate of Mr. Asquith's may be compared with the German casualty lists, of which the Prussian losses alone total 953,000. Inasmuch as these lists do not take account of the recent heavy fighting in Poland, and are not exhaustive for earlier battles, a safe estimate of the Prussian losses would be a round million men. If we assume that the losses of the Saxons, Bavarians, and Würtembergers have been in the same proportion, we must add another half million, since Prussia contains almost exactly two-thirds of the population of the Empire. The ratio of killed in battle to wounded is as 1 to 4. This would give 300,000 for the German dead and between 25,000 and 30,000 dead for the British army. We are justified in assigning a higher ratio of mortality to the British because all accounts agree that the British losses during the first phases of the war were exceedingly heavy. The British forces now in the field probably total 150,000 men. To maintain that number at the beginning of the seventh month of the war has cost more than 100,000 casualties. The German forces now on both fronts amount to probably 2,500,000 men. To maintain that strength, one and a half million men have been expended. In other words, for every three Englishmen now in the field, two Englishmen have fallen, and for every five Germans now in the field, three Germans have fallen. A higher loss is thus indicated for the British. At any rate, there is no ground for maintaining the assumption still popular in some quarters that the Kaiser's losses have been enormous while the Allies have got off easily.

The British expeditionary force which landed in France in the middle of August numbered about 80,000 men of all arms. If one were to assume that men have been kill-

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ed and wounded in chronological order, there would not be a single member of the original expedition now in the field. But the facts are, of course, that veterans of the battles around Mons and Cambrai are still in the trenches, while death and wounds have been taking their toll of reinforcements. Nevertheless, the proportion of survivors of the original expedition must be small. In the same way the million and a half of German losses solidly subtracted from the two million men, first lines and reserves, with which Germany took the field, would leave only a 25 per cent. ratio of choice troops. Here again the allowance must be made for the fact that death does not discriminate between first-line and Landwehr; yet, even so, the fact remains that the flower of the German army by this time has melted away. On both sides the war will be fought out by newly-trained men. This does not argue a speedy termination of hostilities. In the matter of courage the younger troops may be equal to their predecessors. But even in Germany it is not likely that discipline can be improvised in a few months.. Successes purchased regardless of cost will become less probable than ever.

The 75-millimetre field gun, perfected in France between 1898 and 1902, worked a revolution in the field artillery of all nations. Eight nations adopted the 75-millimetre before 1906, among them Japan and Italy. Germany has a 77-millimetre gun, last improved in 1906; Russia and Austria have a 76-millimetre gun. One of the surprises of the war has been the Russian artillery, to which the Germans have given unstinted praise. The Russian is a three-inch gun with a muzzle velocity of 1,930 feet per second, as compared with 1,739 feet for the French gun. It throws a shrapnel shell lighter by one and a half pounds, but weighs 165 pounds less, gun and limber filled, than the French gun, a decided advantage on Russian roads. But perhaps the most effective field gun, so far as paper statistics would indicate, is the British 3.3-inch (84-millimetre) Field Artillery gun. Its weight, gun and limber, is the heaviest of all, 2,475 pounds to the German 1,860 pounds, but it throws an 18½-pound shrapnel shell to the German fifteen pounds, and 364 bullets to the German 300. As a matter of fact, testimony from the front bears out this theoretical excellence of the British field piece.

President Wilson's speech to the United States Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday of last week was tactful in not saying a word of the vexed question of Government purchase of ships—unless such construction might be placed on the remark that "experience has led me, whenever I confer, to hold my particular notion provisionally as my contribution to the final result, but not to dominate the final result." The President's intimation that the Anti-Trust laws should be changed if they "make it illegal for merchants in the United States to form combinations for the purpose of strengthening themselves in taking advantage of the opportunities of foreign competition," was rather vague. Apparently, his idea was that the law might prevent formation of joint selling agencies abroad by a group of our smaller export merchants. This seems to us a rather shadowy possibility. It would be more open for practical discussion if one could get a plain statement from the Department of Justice as to just what principle of the law is actually at stake. Although Mr. Wilson did not discuss the Ship-Purchase bill, Mr. Bryan did. When his flat declaration in favor of Government-owned ships was received with some disfavor, he rejoined:

> I did not expect unanimity, my friends. I am too well aware of the influence of private investment to expect any one interested in the merchant marine that is owned by individuals ever to welcome a Government competitor, no matter how much the people might wish it.

One recalls the days when no one could advocate free trade or a lower tariff, except as an agent of the Cobden Club and a recipient of "British gold."

Mr. Underwood failed in his effort to strike one of the two needless battleships out of the Naval Appropriation bill, yet did succeed in cutting out six vessels. But he need not think that his financial argument will weigh at all with the big-navy boomers. He declared that the Treasury faces a big deficit, and that if the party approved the whole building programme in the bill, it might safely look forward to bankruptcy and to retirement from power. The big-navy answer to this is to propose a bond issue, the larger the better, 250 millions this year, and equal amounts for the next ten. Would you be so unpatriotic as to talk in terms of money when the national safety is at stake? But it is precisely this sort of calm consideration of the financial problem which is the statesman's duty; and Mr. Underwood and Mr. Fitzgerald are doing that duty well. Still another blow for our hopeful Security Leagues is the testimony of our two foremost coast-defence officers that our defences are as strong as any in the world, "to the extent of their capacity." Poor Congressman Gardner! What a shock it will be to him and his belligerent father-in-law, when they learn that by a mere change of gun carriage our 12-inch guns will have practically the same range as those on British superdreadnoughts.

There can hardly be too much gratitude to the House for its refusal to override the President's vete of the Immigration bill, even though the margin was of the narrowest—five votes. To uphold the President, thirteen members changed their votes; it is an open secret, too, that others would have been found to save the day, if necessary. Thus we shall have a respite for some time to come, and if the bill does reappear, as its advocates say it will, it should be shorn of the dangerous feature which would end the historic American granting of political asylum, and has nothing to do with the restriction of immigration. Indeed, there should be two measures introduced, one containing the admirable administrative reforms upon which everybody is agreed; the other the literacy clause, so that there could be a straight-out, clear-cut issue. Even better would be a clearer ascertainment of the public will, if this is possible. President Wilson drew attention to the fact that no party has as yet made of the literacy test a real political issue; but even that would not render it certain that a subsequent favorable vote would mean that the country was committed to the policy, so complex are the motives that go towards electing a President, and so many the planks to which the voter pays but little attention.

Jolly ex-President Taft is having such a good time going about the country as a wandering professor from Yale and making six speeches a week, that it may seem unkind to remind him of his more troublous past. Yet it is impossible to forget this. When one reads of his inveighing last week against the over-regulation of business and against the tendency to have the Government thrust its thumb into every pie, one wonders if it is the same Mr. Taft who backed up every proposal of this kind made by President Roosevelt, and who was himself, while in the White House, one of the most ardent regulators that we had. Has he already forgotten that he was the inventor of the corporation tax, and that he defended it upon the ground that it would enable the Government to keep

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a firm hand upon big business? Times change, of course, and a man has a right to change with them; but Mr. Taft's conversion is almost too nimble for one of his build. To be really consistent, he ought to make his present-day ultra-conservative speeches standing before his audience in a white sheet. Even that he could carry off, no doubt, so unbounded is his good humor, so infectious his smile. If he were to pose as a penitent, everybody would say that a more engaging sinner was never seen.

Districts in Texas that feel themselves unjustly treated in reference to representation in the Legislature have a weapon that the rotten boroughs of Connecticut might long for. This is the provision for the creation of new States from the original Texas. In the words of the ordinance admitting the republic to Statehood:

> New States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having a sufficient population, may hereafter, by consent of said State, be formed, out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution.

Usually thought of as a means of increasing the power of that section of the country at Washington, this provision is seized upon by a State Senator at Austin as warrant for a joint resolution creating the State of Jefferson by setting off four Senatorial districts on the west, his justification, as duly set forth in the preamble, being that the failure of the Legislature to re-district the State since the last census leaves the western section of it without adequate representation. Under a fair apportionment, he asserts, the section would have more than double its present representation in the State Senate and two additional Representatives in Congress, these Representatives now being elected by the State at large. Texas is not the only State in which agitation for a new State arises now and then. Western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee have felt a community of interests ever since the Civil War period, when sympathy for the North divided them in spirit from the main body of their fellow-citizens. But no practical result has come of these movements, or is likely to.

Federal laws regulating railway equipment have been few. A statute enforcing the use of automatic couplers and other safety devices, enacted in 1893, has been supplemented by laws of 1903 and 1910; and in 1911 carriers were compelled to equip locomotives with Government-approved boilers. A bill passed by the Senate and reported in the House now proposes to extend national inspection of boilers to inspection of engines in their entirety. The reason alleged is the variations in State regulation of mechanical details, extending even to ash-pans. Georgia and South Carolina have conflicting laws on headlights, causing endless bother at the State line. That such Congressional legislation is a necessity is not clear. It is not argued that it would increase railway safety; and just as sidings, stations, and in many respects train service are matters for local regulation, it may be that a mountain State actually requires rules about headlights and other things differing from those of a prairie State. But the bill serves to call attention to the unnecessary and foolish divergences in local control of railway details. State legislation on motor vehicles is as absurdly lacking in uniformity, and as one result Congress has now before it a bill for national registration of motor-cars.

Southern newspapers and people have in the main spoken out well against the revival of lynching. Thus, 200 citizens of Monticello, Georgia, one of the disgraced towns, in a mass meeting presided over by the Mayor, expressed their disapproval of the mob-murder of four accused negroes, and promised the Governor their assistance in bringing the guilty to book. The feeling of the local press is typified by the statement of the Thomasville *Times-Enterprise*, that this lynching is "a blot on the name of the county of Jasper that will never be erased," and its hope that the State "will make a sincere effort to mete punishment to those who have so transgressed the bounds of reason and right." Though neither utterance is quite vigorous enough in view of the dastardly character of the lynching, and the fact that two of the victims were innocent colored women, so far so good. But the time is close at hand when the enlightened sentiment of the South ought to do a great deal more than resolving and deprecating. The time has surely come when there ought to be a strong Southern organization to deal with this matter of lynching and the abuse of the law. Men like ex-Congressman Fleming, of Georgia, ought to take the lead in an effort to purge the South of this disgrace, to tone up public sentiment everywhere on the matter of the enforcement of law, and to see to it that Governors, Sheriffs, and judges are compelled by public pressure to punish the guilty. The hanging of a few of the Monticello criminals would do a vast amount of good just now.

Will the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well once too often be that some day of the Liberty Bell? It heads the list of attractions at every international exposition in this country. If the managers obtain the consent of Philadelphia to have the relic, it is carefully mounted, reviewed by the Mayor on its way to the railway station, and guarded by a junketing committee of Select and Common Councils, observed by the inhabitants of various cities through which it passes with interest and awe. For six months it remains at the Exposition, the object of admiring school children and their elders. Then it is restored to its rightful place in Independence Hall. The argument for these trips is as old as Mohammed: the mass of people not being able to go to the Bell, the Bell goes to the mass of people. A precedent has been established for sending it here, there, and yonder, so that to refuse the request from San Francisco would seem to discriminate. But nine hundred and ninety-nine successful journeys will avail little if the thousandth should result in a wreck that would destroy one of the most famous objects connected with the winning of our liberties.

The war has warmed to existence much writing that deserved its cold oblivion; but among the revived books no one will grudge "In the Midst of Life" its place. Republication of Ambrose Bierce's tales of soldiers and civilians in popular form in England comes soon after reports of the author's death in Mexico. There is not the slightest doubt that Bierce has been too little appreciated in his own country, and many a travelling American has first made the acquaintance of the book in question in the Tauchnitz series. Its new circulation is, of course, based on its stories of the horseman in the air, of the artilleryman who shelled his own home, of the deaf-mute child who wandered upon Chickamauga field, of the soldier forced to put another out of his pain. Though its grewsome horrors transcend artistic effect, its merits of style should make it an enduring peace tract. A nation that prides itself upon its preëminence in the short story should not forget the son who, in the *Spectator's* words, "achieved in a certain domain results which have never been equalled by any writer in the English language since Edgar Allan Poe."

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FALSE FLAGS AND BAD LOGIC.

On Saturday morning a private cablegram from a prominent Englishman reached the office of the *Nation*, denouncing as "pure fiction" the German assertion that British merchant vessels were flying neutral flags. Almost at that very hour, the Lusitania was dashing for Liverpool after having hoisted the American colors. The lawfulness of this course cannot be questioned. In both the history and the romance of the sea, the running up of false flags to deceive the enemy, or to prevent capture, has for many years been a recurring and admired ruse of war. So far as concerns battleships, the only limitation is that they must not actually fire a gun until they have flown their true colors. But merchant ships, to evade being captured by a belligerent, may show any flag they please. Their character and nationality are to be determined by other tests than a bit of bunting flapping astern. On this point the statement of the British Admiralty is fully warranted. The right to make use of false flags at sea in time of war is undoubted.

The wisdom of having British ships do so, in the present circumstances, is another thing. In actual effect, the practice must be largely futile. What most strikes one about the Lusitania's showing the American flag, when she was supposed to be near German submarines, is the stupidity of it. If visible at all to an enemy, she was unmistakable, no matter what her flag. Any naval officer on the sea or under it would have known at a glance that it was either the Lusitania or the Mauretania. There are no other steamships like them. This being so, the American flag on the Lusitania was about as transparent a disguise as it would be for the Turks to raise a standard over the pyramid of Cheops, containing the words: "This is the Mosque of Santa Sophia."

It might be, it is true, a slight, momentary advantage, in such a touch-and-go affair as an attack by a submarine, to resort to a ruse which would compel a little delay. Yet the captain of a German submarine could pursue much the same course that would be followed by the captain of a German cruiser. He could order the Lusitania to stop her engines, on peril of being instantly torpedoed. Then he could send a boarding crew to ascertain her nationality beyond a peradventure. The respite due to flying a false flag would be of the briefest. Of course, an endangered British ship could, in the breathing space, send out wireless calls for help, and they might make the attempt of the submarine more hazardous. But none of the advantages won in this way, trifling and precarious as they necessarily must be, can offset for a moment the sense of humiliation and alarm which must be spread throughout Great Britain by official notice that British merchant vessels are not safe even in their home waters. We have referred to the indignant repudiation of this idea in advance by one well-known Englishman. In line with this is the view of a London newspaper that the official statement defending the use of false flags will "disquiet public opinion in this country," and will seem to the British mind "inexpedient and even humiliating." That the Union Jack should be an inadequate protection on any sea is bad enough; that it should not suffice in English territorial waters must appear to most Englishmen to be intolerable. Their feeling of security at home, owing to their overmastering navy, must be greatly shaken.

False reasoning seems easily to go with false flags. Fallacy "follows the flag," whether trade does or not. And in jumping from the premise that British vessels sail under neutral colors, to the conclusion that any merchant ship bound for an English port may be sunk on sight, despite the "peril to persons and cargoes," the German Admiralty is doing something very dangerous and wholly indefensible. This is especially true of its warning to neutral ships to keep out of British waters altogether, since "their becoming victims of torpedoes directed against the enemy's ships cannot always be averted." Alleging that the English contentions regarding contraband really amount to a plea that the "vital interests" of any nation are a "sufficient excuse for every method of warfare," Germany is to appeal to her own vital interests as a justification for any measures of military retaliation that she sees fit to adopt. But if German submarines were hereafter to do what no conclusive evidence shows that they have so far done—namely, sink a merchant ship and ruthlessly send passengers and crew to the bottom—Germany would find that she had purchased a petty success at the cost of shocking and further alienating the public sentiment of the whole world. Furthermore, as regards neutrals, she is simply inviting warnings and protests. It would be entirely in order for our State Department to notify the German Government that it could not for a moment assent to the view that an American ship might be exposed to being torpedoed by a German submarine, keeping up the fiction of a blockade. A clear understanding on both sides should be arrived at before February 18. The German Foreign Office has not always shown itself skilled in reading American sentiment, but it must know perfectly what would happen if news should come of the New York, on her way to Liverpool, having been sunk, with all on board, by a German submarine.

"NEUTRAL AND NON-IRRITATING."

This is the label on a medical preparation. In such a description, no man is on oath, any more than he is, according to Dr. Johnson, in a lapidary inscription. Still, we may fondly hope that there are such remedies. What a pity that they are not vendible for Governments and newspapers and writers and diplomatic agents that have to do with questions of the war and neutrality! It is comparatively easy to be neutral, but to be non-irritating at the same time—this is the difficult thing. Witness the floods of angry letters that come from citizens of a neutral nation. The Comic Muse must hold both her sides as she observes so many people fiercely determined to prove their neutrality by hitting other neutrals over the head. Most of them fail to discriminate between their own individual preferences, or prejudices, and the basis of a sound public policy. That is one reason why they are so irritating.

In some ways, a state of nerves is more difficult to deal with than a state of war. One proof of this came to hand recently. The full statement by our Department of State, touching all the official international activities of this Government since the war began, was made the subject of bitter comment by the semi-official organ of the German Government, the *Kölnische Zeitung*. It declared that the American Secretary of State had simply made himself "the mouthpiece of the brutal British standpoint." It added that "American neutrality is only a thin veil behind which is concealed eagerness to do England a good turn." Then it concluded: "If America respects only brute force, then we shall give full play to brute force." On the latent implications of this we need not dwell. But what a spirit in which to receive an official publication intended to be absolutely impartial and soothing! The fact is that, in the State Department letter, the only record of protests made by this Government related to Great Britain and Japan. But this, we presume the Cologne newspaper will say, was only a blind, and the real animus of our

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Government was hostility to Germany and subserviency to England.

Our German friends, both in this country and abroad, ought to consider the question whether, in addition to being irritated themselves, justly or otherwise, they do not irritate others. They cannot drive Americans out of neutrality, but they may make it hard to be both neutral and non-irritated. This result may be brought about in various ways. One of them would be an effort to band together German-Americans as a group entirely apart from their fellow-citizens, swayed more by race than by patriotism. Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig, early in the war expressed the view that it was the mission of Germany to "organize Europe." For this he was rebuked by the university authorities, who repudiated his suggestion. At any rate, the United States does not wish to be "organized" in any such way as some German-Americans have proposed; and foolish talk about it is distinctly irritating. So is such a fantastic exaggeration as that fallen into by Dr. Dernburg in his speech at Minneapolis last week. He, in general, has been the most discreet, as he has been the ablest, of the men in charge of the German propaganda in this country, but on this occasion his hand lost its cunning. He gravely argued that the Allies were really making war upon the United States. And then he went on to explain that, if we did not do something to help Germany win, Germany would learn how to get on without American exports. In place of wheat, she will eat rye; for lumber, she will substitute steel; instead of copper, she will make use of "alloys of cheaper metals," and, finally, dropping cotton, she will go back to the use of flax! Americans cannot help laughing at this, but there is necessarily a certain tinge of irritation in the laughter.

Italy is another neutral country in which the German campaign of apology, defence, and resentment has not had the happiest effects. An Italian colleague rather roughly handles, in the *Corriere della Sera*, the embattled German professors. It is Prof. Piero Giacosa, of the University of Turin. He passes in review the various deliverances of Professors Eucken, Harnack, and Wundt, and gives particular attention to the famous "round robin" of the eighty-nine élite of the German universities. This has been writ in Italian—far from "choice," Professor Giacosa asserts. Upon it he makes very much the comment uttered by President Hibben, of Princeton, that it is surprising to find eminent philosophers signing a statement so full of logical contradictions and unverified assertions. Science, declares the Italian professor, should be the same thing in war as in peace. He adds that "truth cannot be mobilized." If there is any justification of war, it must be truth and right; but "this truth and right ought to be human—not purely German."

A German professor has sought to explain the ferocious exhortations of the Kaiser, addressed to the German troops setting out for China, as due to a "momentaneous nervosity." The German propagandists should pause to reflect whether their exertions are not producing among all neutrals a nervosity something more than momentaneous.

REPUBLICAN HOPES.

If the number of possible candidates for the Presidential nomination is any sign of party vitality, the Republicans are bursting with health. No less an authority than ex-Representative James E. Watson, of Indiana, has a list of a round dozen men, any one of whom, if nominated, he would expect to make the race without overmuch urging. Here they are:

James R. Mann.	F. B. Willis.
L. Y. Sherman.	J. W. Weeks.
C. W. Fairbanks.	C. S. Whitman.
Myron T. Herrick.	W. A. Smith.
T. E. Burton.	W. E. Borah.
Newton Harding.	W. B. McKinley.

At least one of these possibilities has not waited for Mr. Watson's announcement. W. A. Smith, or, rather, Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, in Mr. Watson's words, "is laying his wires," which, if we may trust reports from the Middle West, means that he has been at work for some time at the task of educating that part of the country up to the point of demanding that he run as hard as he can. Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, on the other hand, has been much more coy, the idea of a nomination, according to Mr. Watson, having occurred to him only sixty days ago. He has lost no time, however, but "has agents in the field feeling the public pulse." As a reward for Mr. Watson's generosity in naming more candidates from Illinois and Ohio than from his own Indiana, we hereby add his name to the list of notables, even if it is the thirteenth. The issue of the campaign is already settled, we learn; it is to be the tariff. Any Democrat who questions this does so at his peril.

Would any one gather from Mr. Watson's programme that the party for which he speaks was not so very long ago at the point where extreme unction was being pressed upon it? Yet these are not his bravest words. Here is his gracious way of inviting home the prodigals who wandered from it in such large numbers: "The most ardent Progressive admits that the time has come to do the courageous thing, admit defeat, and return to the Republican ranks." His next sentence suggests that the fault was not all on one side, for he says: "Their work has been accomplished." What work? The regeneration of the G. O. P.? Does one of the chief sinners confess? Hardly. "The bolt of the Progressives," he proceeds, "has clarified the political atmosphere, but now is the time to forget it." The Republican party was not sick unto death, then, but only terrified by a passing thunderstorm. If it had momentary inclinations to repent, these are now gone. Once more it prepares to ask the confidence of the country, not on the score of its intention to lead a better life, but on the old ground of being the business man's best friend.

This is at all events frank, and no doubt accurately represents the position of an important section of the party. But even an ex-whip cannot ignore changes in the political situation with impunity. All of Mr. Watson's smiting of sword upon scabbard cannot wipe out the fact that the party of destiny has found it advisable, for some reason or other, to make significant alterations in its method of apportioning delegates to its great conventions. Is it possible that the bolt that clarified the political atmosphere stunned the Elephant for a moment? His trumpeting is beginning to make the old-time racket, but does his trunk swing quite so recklessly as it did before the storm? One would infer from Mr. Watson's presentation of the case that the defeat of the Progressives insured the restoration of perfect harmony. He conveniently overlooks the Progressives who did not bolt. But will they go to the polls as readily for Charles W. Fairbanks as for William E. Borah? Is it a matter of indifference to them whether William B. McKinley or Theodore E. Burton is named?

The hands of the clock are not to be turned back so easily as that. In a not unreal sense, we are all Progressives now. The progressive element within the Republican party is reinforced by the independents who are outside of all parties and who are more numerous than ever. Grant that the issue next year will be the tariff. Will Mr. Watson himself go out on the stump to promise that

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Republican victory will mean the reënactment of the "best tariff law" ever put on the statute-books? He is too shrewd for that. In his heart he must know that the wholesale return of the Progressives creates difficulties as well as presages success. They come back, not as deserters who have been pardoned and who are henceforth subject to orders again, but as potential delegates to conventions, members of party committees, builders of the platform, and candidates for office. They give up their fight as a separate organization, but that does not mean that the fight is over. It is transferred to the place where it began, the ranks of the Republican party.

MISLEADING INQUIRIES.

When the appointments to the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations were announced, two of the most devoted advocates of its creation threw up their hands in despair. They had labored unceasingly for the legislation establishing the Commission, only to find that when manned it gave no prospect of that calm, scientific survey of its vast field of inquiry for which they had planned so long. As one looks back over the series of hearings just concluded in New York, that foreboding seems borne out. No one, whether favorable to capital or labor, can, we are certain, be satisfied with what was achieved. It appears now a mass of helter-skelter, often utterly irrelevant, statements, and examinations plainly made without any definite plan of inquiry or well-considered policy; chiefly suggestive, by its confusion, of the croquet game in Alice in Wonderland. Certainly, the removal of the Commission to Chicago will bring sighs of relief to all concerned. If any real good has come out of it, or may in the future, it will, we are sure, be accidental. We are inclined to think that the men who finally write the report will waste no time on this jumble of testimony of plutocrats and strikers and social workers and all the rest.

Among thoughtful people the Commission has received a black eye from which it will find it hard to recover. First of all, this is due to the Chairman's foolish utterances; and, secondly, to the way the hearing was allowed to degenerate into a most unhappy squabble over the conduct of the Bureau of Municipal Research. Even the thick-skinned Mr. Walsh must, we suspect, be thoroughly ashamed of the way he permitted the machinery of his Commission to be used for the venting of private grievances by a largely discredited man. What the inquiry into charitable foundations has to do with industrial relations, we have never been able to see. But if it was germane and proper for Mr. Walsh and his associates to go into these matters, the last man who should have been employed was Dr. William H. Allen, who was forced out of the Bureau, not, as he alleges, because of a malign Rockefeller influence, but because it had become impossible for his associates to work with him. If Dr. Allen can justify his position to-day, it is only by alleging a complete and very sudden change of heart in regard to Mr. Rockefeller. For years he used his money cheerfully, and was willing to lick his boots for more. That he got $30,000 from him on one occasion was a proud feather in his cap. He stormed newspaper offices begging for editorials urging Mr. Rockefeller to give at least two millions of dollars to found a "university" of research, of which he himself was, of course, to be the head.

Then, when Mr. Flexner reported unfavorably, but, to our minds, with absolute justice, upon some of the Bureau's methods, Dr. Allen began to see things in a new light. The conditions attached to Mr. Rockefeller's offer of further support seemed to us altogether wise. They were the stopping of Dr. Allen's ill-written and confused post-card bulletins, which subjected him to ridicule in every newspaper office; the divorcing of the training-school from the Bureau, the cessation of out-of-town work, and an ending of the Bureau's participation in the local School Board fight. Every one of these changes in policy would have benefited the Bureau. Yet without stopping to inquire of the city officials, or the local editors, or his own associates, what Dr. Allen's standing really was, the Federal Commission empowered him to go ahead as he saw fit, with the result that hundreds of utterly irrelevant questions were put to the various foundations and their officers in pursuance of Dr. Allen's grievances.

We do not know when we have witnessed so disgusting a misuse of Federal authority, heightened as it was by the melodramatics with which Dr. Allen took the stand on his own behalf—cleverly timing his appearance so that he should be the last witness. "I am going to say this with a smile, but it is true," he is reported as saying. "If I live for one hundred years I am going to have to pay in a social and business way for what I have said here to-day." Undoubtedly, Dr. Allen will be under a cloud hereafter, but it will be because of his own actions. When his associate, Dr. Cleveland, brands him, not once but several times, as a deliberate falsifier, and the men who gave him his great opportunity are compelled to turn from him, he is bound to feel it as long as he lives. If Mr. Rockefeller is as wicked as Dr. Allen paints him, he need but sit back now and chuckle—unless he wishes to publish a few of those begging letters of the time when the Rockefeller money seemed to Dr. Allen the highest good. The pity of it all is that many a worthy laboring man and social worker who reads only the headlines or runs over the text superficially will receive the impression—which Dr. Allen will do his best hereafter to confirm—that here is unearthed another Standard Oil conspiracy to padlock public opinion; a highly useful organization must suffer unjustly exactly when, being freed from Dr. Allen, it is headed in the right direction.

If space permitted, there are many other things about this Federal inquiry, including Mr. Walsh's refusal to give a hearing to the editor of the *Survey*, which we should like to touch upon. If we are correctly informed, its hearings have satisfied no one, not even the labor leaders. But enough is known to show how dangerous a misdirected inquiry can become, and how futile when in incompetent hands, or when it is deliberately used for personal ends. Are we soon to come to a pass where we must add to the litany: "From ill-directed official inquiries, good Lord, deliver us"?

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

If to the number of volumes represented by the million dollars in royalties which "Miss Braddon" is reputed to have earned, there be added the vast circulation of her stories in the paper-covered "libraries" in this country, the result is an audience which throws into the shade the best-selling of contemporary best-sellers. Even to-day "Miss Braddon's" readers, like the readers of the "Duchess" and Mrs. Henry Wood, are a multitude. It is largely a kitchen and shop-girl audience, which again gives rise to the question how much truth there is in the familiar assertion that it is the middle-classes who constitute the great conserving forces of national life. The true conservatives are the workers of a nation. They cling closest to the old beliefs. They preserve best the old forms of language; philol-

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ogists found this out long ago. They read the old books. If the popular fiction of the Victorians has been left to the nursemaids, the reason is not that the middle classes have outgrown the old romance in spirit. The reason is caste pride, as measured by the ability to pay the price of a new novel. It would be almost a lowering of the standard of living to buy "Lady Audley" for 15 cents in paper when one can get Florence Barclay for a dollar and a quarter in cloth. The native appeal of these Victorians is still there. Many a householder has stumbled upon a copy of the "Duchess" in the kitchen, and sitting down in a fit of curiosity to see what are the literary tastes of the lower classes has found that it is twelve o'clock.

Compared with the popular fiction of the present day, the popular fiction of the Civil War period, in England and in this country, is better literature, better psychology, and, on the whole, better entertainment. The early melodrama and sentimentality was more sincere and more elemental than the contemporary product. Moving frankly in a world of romance, the Braddon yarn aroused little of the resentment which is stirred by the pretentious "serial" of this month's popular magazine with its bluff at realism, problems of the day, a contribution to life, and that sort of merchandise. In externals we have got much nearer to the actual world. Instead of remote lords, ladies, and cigarette-smoking adventurers recruited from the younger sons of the nobility, we have such very actual types as policemen, manicure girls, drummers, saleswomen, vaudeville artists, cowpunchers, loggers, clothing manufacturers. The externals of actual speech are also there. Policemen, manicure girls, etc., use the slang of the professions, or at least what is commonly accepted as the professional vernacular. But beneath this photographic realism of externals there is nothing but the old melodrama and the old sentimentalities, largely vitiated by the injection of such modern ingredients as sex, politics, and social uplift which have no place in servant-girl fiction.

It is this touch of sincerity that makes "Miss Braddon's" novels better literature than so many contemporary works of higher pretensions; sincerity which is at the basis of all illusion in art. We are speaking, of course, of a lower form of sincerity. No one imagines that the seventy novels by "Miss Braddon" are the outcome of an inner necessity for self-expression on her part. Those Victorians who reeled off their two or three novels a year were practical workmen, and went about their business very methodically. But it is hard to escape the impression that once "Miss Braddon" sat down at her desk she became the victim of her own romantic and melodramatic conjurations. To a very appreciable degree, she was seized upon by the *Zeitgeist*, which revelled in the elemental emotions of true love and womanly reticence. Take it on a higher plane. The charge of sentimentality and melodrama will hold against Dickens. He has been properly called to book for his remorseless slaughter of infants. Yet it is on record that Dickens did walk the streets in tears after he had killed Paul Dombey. "Miss Braddon" must have felt for some of her victims. But you cannot imagine the author of a Hearst serial, after a particularly strong scene of pathos, walking the streets for any other purpose than to hail a taxi for Sherry's. Infinitely more clever than the popular school of Victorians, our writers are infinitely more sophisticated. And it shows in their work. The article is plainly fabricated. The "punch" is engineered, and does not arise out of genuine human sentimentality.

It all gets back to the mistaken notion of the Victorian, which the younger writers are only too glad to encourage. Because the English writers of a half-century ago were reticent on many realities of life, because they were sentimental, because the women of the period were addicted to fainting spells, because the furniture of the period was walnut instead of mission, the tradition has been established that the Victorians were a feeble folk, given to make-believe. Whereas the fact is that they were a very hearty folk, and believed hard in their errors. Their writers had one quality which their successors seem to lack—gusto. Their characters were full-blooded, whether full-blooded sentimentalists or full-blooded villains. Consequently, they had the gift of creating portraits in the round, characters in a real sense. Perhaps these have only the outstanding features of caricature, but they do stand out. How many characters that stand out has English fiction of the last forty years produced to compare with that vast gallery of the Victorians? Take away Meredith, who had the gusto of the Victorians, and there are just three figures that leap to the mind in the way dozens leap out from the pages of Dickens and his fellow-workers—Thomas Hardy's Tess, Mulvaney, and Sherlock Holmes. A meagre list.

Chronicle of the War

In France and Flanders there has been no change of any importance to record during the past week. In the eastern area of warfare developments of considerable importance have occurred. The most concentrated fighting of the war has taken place in Poland, on the line of the Bzura River, the cockpit of the Russo-German struggle. In East Prussia the Russian invasion is assuming considerable dimensions, as is also the Russian advance in Poland north of the Vistula. In the Carpathians, all along the line from the Dukla Pass to Mount Wyszkow, there has been heavy fighting for possession of the passes. No news of importance has come from the Caucasus. The attempted Turkish invasion of Egypt has been repelled with heavy loss by the British army defending the Suez Canal.

The Russian advances in East Prussia and in Poland, north of the Vistula, taken in conjunction with the violent German drive on the centre of the Russian position on the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, represent perhaps the most important development in the situation since the renewed German aggression into Poland in the middle of November. The battle on the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, which attained its maximum intensity in the region of Bolimow and Goumine, may be said to have commenced on January 31 and to have concluded on February 6. For sheer ferocity and reckless sacrifice of human life it appears to have been without parallel even in this war. At one point, we read, in the region of Bolimow, Gen. von Mackensen concentrated on a front of some six miles a force of seven divisions (more than 100,000 men, allowing for some depletion of the ranks), supported by 100 batteries of artillery. The infantry, as they would have to do on the narrow front, came on in dense formation and were mowed down by the artillery of the Russians, who from constant fighting in this quarter had every range exactly measured. The final repulse of the Germans was apparently achieved by a turning movement on their right in the neighborhood of Goumine. The result of the battle was a gain for the Russians of some of the enemy's trenches and of certain points of support.

That this ferocious attack by Gen. von Mackensen's army was a serious attempt to break the Russian centre, with the capture of Warsaw as its objective, appears now to be improbable. It has ever been von Hindenburg's strategy to sacrifice large bodies of men with the sole object of screening a movement of troops. He did this in the German retreat from Poland in October, and he appears to have adopted the same tactics now. The explanation of the drive on the Russian centre is to be sought, as we suggested last week, principally in the Russian advance in East Prussia, partly also no doubt in the condition of affairs in the Carpathians. There are no railways by which Field-Marshal von Hindenburg could dispatch more reinforcements to the Austro-German troops in time to decide the issue of the battle now in progress for the possession of the Carpathian passes and the protection of Hungary. What assistance he could render,

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therefore, had to come in Poland, with the hope that a renewed threat on Warsaw would divert Russian troops from Galicia. In this object the German leader appears to have failed.

The primary object of the attack on the centre, to act as a screen for the movement of troops, seems, nevertheless, to have been achieved, for we hear of the movement of large bodies of German troops by means of motor transport in the direction of Thorn. The probability is that this movement is preparatory to a drive in East Prussia on the line between Tilsit and Insterburg. In that region steady progress is reported by the Russians. The advance is going forward in two places. In the north the Russian forces have emerged from the forest country north of Pilkallen, and are advancing along the River Szeszuppe towards Tilsit. In the south the Russians are advancing along the Angerapp River towards Insterburg and have taken possession of a position on the west bank of the river. Simultaneously in Poland, north of the Vistula, the Russian line, of many angles and salients, which may be taken as running from Dobrzyn, on the Vistula, to a point east of Lipno, and thence through Skempe and Sierpec to Mlawa, seems to be creeping slowly forward. If Russian advances here and in East Prussia are not speedily checked, it would seem that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg must withdraw his army from Poland south of the Vistula. Spring is approaching, and when the frost breaks the Polish roads will be impassable. The Russian movement north of the Vistula threatens the German army in front of Warsaw; if the threat is not removed a retreat must be undertaken before spring makes it impossible.

Foreign Correspondence

JEAN PAUL RICHTER AS A PROPHET—RIVALRY IN AIRSHIPS—FRIGHT IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—AN IDEAL HOSPITAL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, January 23.

Writing in the *Edinburgh Review* eighty-eight years ago, Carlyle said: "Except by name Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is the saying—imported by Madame de Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics—'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of the air.'" Accepted in its literal sense, this is one of the most marvellous forecasts hidden in obscure pages of literature. Of course, in Richter's time there were no Zeppelins or aeroplanes. Nor were they dreamed of in the wildest fantasy of seer or poet. What Richter intended was to convey a sneer at the German tendency to indulge in reflections and dissertations upon metaphysics and philosophy. All the same, it is a remarkable commentary upon the actual state of things in Europe to-day.

Germany's empire of the air is not so indisputable as it was so recently as a year ago. But to her remains the credit of being the pioneer in this modern development of warfare. For at least five years the Kaiser has encouraged and lavishly subsidized the development of the aeroplane. Count Zeppelin's successful advances in perfecting the mammoth flyer that bears his name were cheered on by ecstatic congratulatory telegrams. France, alive to the importance of the new device, began to build airships. A long series of experiments shared the fate of early endeavors diligently made on the other side of the Rhine. The British Government shrewdly looked on, profiting by the costly experiments of her neighbors. When a certain measure of success was attained, it entered into the competition and speedily came to the front.

In one of the last speeches Colonel Seely delivered in the House of Commons in his capacity of War Minister, he said that at that time—it was something less than a year ago—the British army was supplied with one hundred aeroplanes equal in all respects to the best Germany or France could show. The statement was received with a howl of derision from the Opposition benches, whence retired captains and colonels had persistently twitted the Government with criminal neglect of the new arm. Colonel Seely's statement has, during the past five months, been fully vindicated. Apart from the dashing raid upon Cuxhaven and the German warships in Schillig Roads, British airmen have rendered invaluable services to the land forces, hourly locating batteries and moving columns of the enemy.

A letter which reaches me this morning from the Falkland Islands—it was nearly two months on the journey—gives a vivid glimpse of the effect of the state of war upon remotest corners of our far-flung empire. Writing from Stanley, the capital of the sparse colony, my correspondent says: "My mother and sisters are away in the country on account of a German scare. In fact, all the women were advised to get out of Stanley, and this they did. You see, we have had no warships stationed here, and if the Germans had come we would have been an easy capture. So all the females fled and we were left to look after ourselves. Our Volunteers have been called out on many a false alarm, but these alarms are really a good test as to whether things are in readiness or not. Now we have the Canopus stationed here."

The letter is dated November 23, at which time Admiral von Spee, commander of the German squadron, elate with his victory over the Good Hope and the Monmouth, was steaming for Stanley intending to take possession of the Falkland Islands. At the same time, unsuspected by the German squadron, unknown to the Falkland Islanders, a movement equally a secret from the British people at home, a squadron under command of Admiral Sturdee was steaming at full speed across the Atlantic in search of von Spee and his merry men. With unerring instinct, Admiral Sturdee made for the Falkland Islands, interceping the Germans when they were almost in sight of affrighted Stanley and its solitary British battleship. This was on December 8, fifteen days after the scene depicted in the letter quoted.

Three months ago I related in this column the circumstances attendant upon the rejection by the Red Cross Society of the munificent offer of a fully endowed hospital. The paragraph reaching this country has been widely quoted and commented upon. The impression created on the mind of the beneficiary was that, being an active Radical member of the House of Commons, he was not acceptable to the aristocratic connections of the Society. The communication having been made to me in private conversation, I did not feel at liberty to mention names and places. As I am informed that the matter will be brought under the notice of the House of Commons at the first convenient opportunity after the reassembling of Parliament, there is no need further to observe anonymity. The offer of his spacious mansion and beautiful park, conveniently situated within a few miles of Folketone, where large numbers of the wounded are disembarked, was made by Sir Arthur Markham, Bart., M.P., of Beachborough Park, Kent.

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., chairman of the Red Cross Society, who, scorning delights, gives up laborious days to the services of that great philanthropic institution, writes to me to correct Sir Arthur's impressions, subsequently set forth in detail in a letter of five typed folios. Mr. Stanley, not yet in the chair at the time of the incident, has no personal knowledge of it. He reasonably pleads that "it happened at the beginning of the war when there was a rush and when allowance might have been made for any delays or mistakes." On the matter of political prejudice he is conclusive. "Examination," he writes, "reveals the rather curious fact that of all the heads of the Department I am the only one who is a member of the Carlton Club and who may be counted as a Conservative." This statement is substantiated by citation of the names of the chairmen of the various committees, who happen to be all Liberals. This finally disposes of Sir Arthur Markham's early suspicion, and may be accepted as finally disposing of what in diplomacy is known as "a regrettable incident."

Yesterday afternoon I paid a visit to Beachborough and found all the fifty patients who are able to leave their beds comfortably seated for a concert given in the spacious hall, the music being chiefly provided by comrades from the adjoining camp. The entertainment, arranged by Lady Markham, was thoroughly enjoyed. It was pleasant to see the beaming faces of the audience, mostly British soldiers, with a fair sprinkling of Belgians. The only thought that clouds their brow is that they soon, one batch to-morrow, will have to leave their comfortable quarters, inexorable doctors pronouncing them cured, and their beds being urgently needed for others. It is surprising how, surrounded by every comfort, attended by trained nurses and supremest surgical skill, they rapidly recover. When Sir Arthur Markham offered his mansion to the Red Cross Society for hospital purposes arrangements had been made with Mr. Charters Symonds, late senior surgeon at Guy's Hospital, to undertake the work of resident surgeon. When the unexpected hitch came, Mr. Symonds was engaged by the War Office to attend the wounded in London. When the Canadian Government gratefully took over the hospital an efficient surgical staff was engaged. The Canadians insisted that they should be permitted to equip the hospital. Beyond that Sir Arthur gives the house rent free, maintains the garden and the farm, has fitted up a complete X-ray plant, provides motor cars, motor ambulances and drivers, gives the produce of fifteen cows to the hospital, and among miscellaneous expenditure provides a ton of coal per day. The Canadian contingent has not yet appeared on the scene. They will in due time have occasion to be thankful for the misunderstanding which incidentally reserved for them this ideal resting place.

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Fallacies Regarding France

By STODDARD DEWEY.

[This is the first of a series of four articles on contemporary France which Mr. Dewey has undertaken for the *Nation*. The remaining numbers of the series will be published in the course of the next two months.]

PARIS, January 20.

Five months of war have surprised the world into agreement on one point. The French people and French soldiers have behaved better—very much better—than foreigners expected. So, too, at the Paris Exposition of 1900, a British editor looking at the exhibits of French industry was surprised into saying: "These are not the products of a people in decadence."

For years, for centuries even, national and race dissensions and misunderstandings, legends, and rooted prejudices have given the French a bad name. Italians have said since Bellarmine: "There is no purgatory for a Frenchman"—meaning that he goes straight to the extremes of Heaven or Hell. Charles Dickens's Englishman says more guardedly: "I have my opinion of a people that call water 'lo'!" This comes under Goethe's universal law of human nature:

> Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so,
> Who all his life on the outside passes.

I have passed my life on the inside. Of my earliest French friends and teachers, forty-five years ago, some were born during the Terror and were men in 1815 at Waterloo. The sons of the Frenchmen who have grown old with me are, in 1915, fighting in the trenches. I can find nothing to surprise me in the temper of the French people, now that they have to face a storm for which they were so unprepared; and I find that I am not singular among those who have a right to judge—from the inside.

Newman lamented that English and French no longer understand each other. John Stuart Mill rose from his cold philosophy to heated protest against British moral judgments of French women; and he came to spend his dying years in France where he had passed a good part of his youth. Henry Reeve was the lifelong family friend of Tocqueville, and the Englishman who knew best the representative men of France from 1830 to 1870; and he was an unsparing critic of passing France in the London *Times* and the *Edinburgh Review*, of both of which he was editor. He interrupted his severe examination of the fore and after of "France in 1870" to protest in his turn:

> It is not true that the French are an immoral and irreligious people, as is too commonly supposed by those who take their notions of French life and society from the garbage of French literature, the novels of the day [in these later years he might have added the plays]. In the towns and cities, and in the army [that of Napoleon the Third], there is undoubtedly a great laxity of practice, arising from many causes. But we hold very cheap the pretensions of those who thank God they are not as those Sadducees. In the great mass of the rural population there is as much rectitude, chastity, and sobriety as in any other country.

Under the Republic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton knew France yet more from the inside—for he married a French woman, and his sons served in the French army. He offended deeply the sentiment of his own country by saying that, all things considered, he did not see there was much to choose between French and English morals. Since then, the Englishman Bodley and the American professor, Barrett Wendell, have given reasons from independent study and experience why Anglo-Saxon condescension should be changed to frank esteem of France and her people. What is now happening simply shows that War convinces where Truth could not persuade.

How deep the object-lesson reaches may be gathered from the confident German announcement in August that a new Commune had broken out in Paris. The wish was not so much father to the thought as the antecedent probability for minds prepared. So Tennyson after 1848 heard prophetically—

> A deeper voice across the storm
>
> Proclaiming social truth shall spread
> And justice, e'en tho' thrice again
> The red fool-fury of the Seine
> Should pile her barricades with dead.

Since cut-and-dried fallacies regarding France have persisted from that remote period, enhanced by the little-understood experience of 1870 and 1871, it will be useful to cite the formulas in which that typical British Philistine, Nassau W. Senior, collected his equal disapproval of old Revolution and new "tyranny" in 1852:

> [The French] are bold, but not resolute. They are violent and impetuous, but not enthusiastic. The audacity with which the mob has from time to time risen against the garrison of Paris, murdered its outposts, stormed its barracks, and repulsed its assaults, is the fruit not so much of the love of freedom, or hatred of despotism, as of indifference to what they were hazarding. A life alternating between toil, vice, and debauchery, endeared by few social sympathies, ennobled by no ulterior objects, a mere struggle for existence and amusement, is readily risked because it is scarcely worth preserving.

How ancient all this sounds with our present experience of Frenchmen under fire! Yet how improbable it always was that toil and vice should go along together in a whole community, even in the common people of Paris so gratuitously identified with "the mob"; or that a gregarious people like the French could live lives "endeared by few social sympathies"—unless on the principle of Dickens that they do not call their family habitation "home"!

Prof. Barrett Wendell remarks on the unintelligence of this time-worn criticism of a people which, in peace and war, defends the sacred exclusiveness of its *foyer*. He might have added that French husband and wife are also supposed to create an *intérieur* for themselves, whence gadding about is reprobated; and that the commonest workman in precarious lodgings holds sentimentally to his *famille*. Long ago, Americans seem to have appreciated this, for they welcomed the aged Lafayette's return to their shores by the plaintive old French song:

> Où peut-on être mieux
> Qu'au sein de sa famille?

Frederic Harrison, who was vituperated in 1871 for seeing in the Commune's theory of divided sovereignty "the finest political conception of the age," has lived to utter England's appeal, in her struggle for life and freedom, to France which the historian Freeman, in the rôle of Cato, would have had destroyed—*Gallia est delenda*. E. L. Godkin, in the *Nation* of the time, expressed his foreboding that the victories of Germany, with which he sympathized, might not result in easing civilization of absolute military power. Wisdom—like France—has been justified of her children.

When we recount the disdainful lack of appreciation of French qualities until this war was well under way, it is not too much to add real examples to competent testimony. My first example is not as trivial as it may seem, and it is characteristic. It is the "red breeches" of French soldiers. Such a color, showing at a distance, is strikingly out of date in warfare.

It has been said, and it is still repeated, that this color has been kept in the French army for sentimental reasons, while Englishmen have been changing their thin red line of battle to khaki and Germans have suddenly appeared in unobtrusive gray. Several years ago, indeed, the French War Ministry experimented, at a Fourteenth of July review in the Bois de Boulogne, with a few regiments clad in *réséda* yellow-gray. Nothing further was done, but not because of any popular sentiment. Of this there was not enough to inspire a music-hall song or anything more serious than a few morsels of literature in the daily press. For that matter, the red breeches date only from 1829, and any sentimental associations they may have go back no further than the campaigns of the Second Empire with its disasters of 1870. To think that young and middle-aged Frenchmen of to-day, who have all been subjected to compulsory military service, should care more for the color than the efficiency of their trousers, is passably absurd.

Any mind not utterly foreign to the real France could divine the reasons why she has been found so unmodern in this portion of her infantry uniform. First, the routine bureaus opposed their regular inertia to any change. Secondly, successive Governments—the War Minister was changed seven times in eighteen months before the war—were loath to propose any new military expenses to a Parliament whose suspicions were kept alive by Radicals and Socialists and Pacifists, all opposed to the army for political reasons, and repeating "Peace! Peace!" when no peace was likely. Thirdly, common public economy demanded that military stocks in hand should be used up

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before going to the expense of others. Finally, there were army furnishers already in possession of contracts, and members of Parliament whose constituents lived by furnishing the madder to dye the breeches—the industry of a whole department which would have been sacrificed to products made—who knows?—in Germany.

There is no democratic, republican, parliamentary Government in the world, from Washington to San Marino, in which just such reasons do not force the hand in practical politics. And foreign critics might have remembered that the French people's affectionate nickname for their army conscripts has time out of mind been taken, not from the now unprofitable red color of their trousers, but from their blue coats—*les bleus*.

The bringing back of three, instead of two, years' compulsory military service furnishes another edifying example of something which foreign critics ought to have known in detail and persisted in not knowing accurately at all. Radicals and Socialists, whose essential patriotism has since triumphed in the test of actual war, may have their opposition to the measure in Parliament condoned; but Pacifists who, to the very outbreak of war, brought it forward as a wanton provocation to Germany need excuse. For our purpose, the very general mistakes of the foreign press are sufficient.

France had reduced her three years' military service to two about the time when the Conference of Algeciras seemed to remove any immediate menace of war on the part of Germany. This was a sincere, though imprudent, step towards partial disarmament on the part of France. Five years passed, and the menace continued. At Agadir it became as serious as it was unexpected. After frequent changes of Government and War Ministries—changes preventing all continuity of policy—the sense of approaching danger made War Minister Millerand, at the end of 1912, begin work to induce Parliament to restore the three years' service, and so add one-third to the active military forces of France. This would have put the French army back where it had been only five years earlier, and would have helped to prepare France against sudden attack. The attack has come before the measure could be completely carried out, either in men or in money. Yet the foreign press allowed itself from early in 1913—that is, long before even the principle of the measure had been voted by the French Parliament—to assert that Germany's tremendous war-levy and increase of its standing army and navy were made in answer to this addition to the military strength of France. In point of fact, when Germany announced its increased armaments, no one having the slightest political authority or influence had spoken of extending the two years' compulsory military service in France to three!

Blunders in what was imagined to be a corresponding French war-loan were still more egregious. Evidently, to support the financial charges of an additional army year, either a new loan or new taxes or both would be necessary. Parliament accepted the loan in principle only in November, 1913—and by December it had overturned, on a side issue, the entire Barthou Government, which was putting through the three years' measure. War Minister Millerand had been unloaded months before to an echo of the Dreyfus Affair. Only one-half of the new loan was to be applied to the additional year of military service, and then only for first expenses—and the loan itself was actually not issued until three weeks before the outbreak of war. The income taxes, which were to provide permanent resources, were put off for definite law-making to 1915. Yet the foreign press, following in the wake of German organs, justifying their own long foreseen and methodic preparation for an aggressive war by throwing the blame on France, has very commonly accepted this renewed fable of the Wolf and the Lamb with all its inversion of dates and its non-existent facts!

An entire year before, one whose disinterested testimony should have been heeded spoke the truth of the situation. This was Jean Henry Dunant, the originator of the Convention of Geneva and the founder of the Red Cross, and a Nobel prizeman for his good work of peace among the nations during the greater part of a century. He wrote from his native Switzerland:

> I am stupefied at the opposition which the law for three years' compulsory military service is encountering in France. How can there be minds so mad as not to perceive that the only means of maintaining European peace and respect for France abroad is precisely to vote at once this three years' law?

Senator Clemenceau insisted tersely: "One can begin a war, but it takes two to keep the peace." The very Syndicalist soldiers, whom the foreign press represented as having "mutinied" in the fortified camps of eastern France, only said: "We are willing to fight, but we don't want to stay another year in barracks." In the same eastern departments, young men whom the French military authorities had rejected as unfit for service were already organizing themselves into independent bands of sharpshooters. They were acquainted with the feelings of the near-by Alsatians, who have not been reconciled to German rule after forty years; and they knew their own homes would have to bear the first brunt of invasion. They were asked why they should be getting ready when the only war cloud was the increase in the German army. They had one answer to give: "We don't want to be Prussians!"

The French Parliament did not vote the three years' law for the necessary men, money, arms, and ammunition in time; European peace has not been maintained; the eastern departments have been invaded—and the Socialists and Syndicalists, and eke the Pacifists, are fighting with the rest. Gustave Hervé, the most thoroughgoing antimilitarist of them all, has marched off like every other Frenchman, crying aloud: "They have assassinated Jaurès, let us not assassinate our country!"

If Germany, if foreigners generally, had not labored under such delusions as to the real state of things in France, war might never have been declared. The misjudgments persisted, and their echoes were still heard amid all the noise of the final outbreak. I speak of the Caillaux case, which may be compared profitably with that of Parnell in British life and politics. The wife of a French Cabinet Minister, herself divorced from a previous husband, shot and killed the editor of a Paris newspaper which was subjecting him politically to furious attacks. This brought up the Minister's private life, in which a previously divorced wife of his own figured. In public life, he had long shown himself a master of finance, though audacious to the danger point; and, for the time being, he was the political chief of the Radicals and Socialists in power, and mainly responsible for delaying the three years' law. That is to say, the case concerned one French citizen, who was also one of the leaders of a political party. It was perhaps natural—it was surely pitiful—that a sensational press should catch up the individual case and mingle murder and divorce with its fallacies regarding general French decadence and revolution. Even a students' demonstration was turned into Nassau Senior's "mob risen against the garrison of Paris." But what of the eight million wives and mothers of the soldiers now splendidly fighting?

Book Notes and Byways

BERTRAM DOBELL.

I was a schoolboy when I first met Bertram Dobell, whose recent death—in his seventy-third year—has robbed literary London of one of its most picturesque figures. A copy of Charles Bradlaugh's weekly freethought review, the *National Reformer*, had somehow come into my hands, and there to my amazement I found a section of a massive, richly imaginative poem, "The City of Dreadful Night," by a writer who chose to be known only by the mysterious initials "B. V." In that far-back time (1874) Bertram Dobell kept a small newspaper shop in the north of London, but he had also commenced bookselling in a modest way with a few shelves of old books (among them some seventeenth-century 4to plays, luxuries denied to light purses to-day). When I chanced to step into his shop I had the *National Reformer* under my arm, and my head was full of "The City of Dreadful Night." Soon I learned in the course of conversation that Dobell had long been a devoted admirer of "B. V."; and, bringing out old files of the *Reformer*, he showed me earlier poems and excellent prose by the same unknown hand. Not long after our first meeting he told me, I remember, that he had written to Bradlaugh, expressing disappointment when an instalment of "The City of Dreadful Night" was crowded out, and saying with what deep interest he had read not only that fine poem but "B. V."'s work generally. Bradlaugh handed the letter to the poet, who wrote to thank Dobell—with the result that they quickly became close friends;

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and surely never ill-starred poet found truer loyalty, quicker sympathy, than Bertram Dobell gave to James Thomson, of whom it might be said (in his own words written about William Blake):

He came to the desert of London town,
Gray miles long;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Singing a quiet song.
. . . . . .
There were thousands and thousands of human kind
In this desert of brick and stone;
But some were deaf and some were blind,
And he was there alone. . . .

It was wholly due to Dobell's unwearied efforts that two volumes of Thomson's poems were published during their author's lifetime; and in later years he printed, from MSS. or forgotten magazines, other books of verse and prose by the lonely man whose memory he never ceased to cherish and revere. Only last summer he told me that he had recently purchased many interesting letters of Thomson, and that he proposed to rewrite and amplify the memoir prefixed to "A Voice from the Nile, and Other Poems."

His devotion to James Thomson would alone have won Dobell the gratitude of posterity. But there is another writer with whom Bertram Dobell's name will be for ever inseparably associated—Thomas Traherne. A few years ago one might have searched in vain the innumerable textbooks on English literature for a mention of Traherne; but to-day, entirely through Dobell's happy insight and industry, the rare genius of this long-forgotten writer is amply recognized. Possibly the poetry of Traherne was somewhat overrated by its discoverer; for, though it contains much fine imagery, it had evidently not received its author's last hand and often cries aloud for revision. But no praise can be too high for the prose "Centuries of Meditations," and it may be doubted whether English literature can show any passages of more sustained ethereal beauty than we find in the "Third Century."

Another seventeenth-century worthy edited by Dobell was William Strode, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, when Christ Church was a chosen home of the Muses. Some of the poems that Dobell ascribed to Strode were certainly by other hands (indeed, I pointed out to him that one poem had been printed before Strode was born); but generally the editorial work was admirable, showing deep research and sound critical judgment.

A very pleasant companionable book was Dobell's "Sidelights on Charles Lamb." One might have thought that there was nothing new to say about that adorable writer, but Dobell's curiosity was sleepless and he never wrote on any subject—however well it might have been handled by others—without adding to our knowledge. In 1908 he published, from an unprinted MS., an anonymous tragi-comedy of the early seventeenth century, "The Partial Law." It has no particular merit, but all plays of that date have a certain interest for students. A book that I am fond of dipping into is the "Catalogue of Books Printed for Private Circulation" (1906), at which Dobell had worked desultorily for many years. This does not pretend to be a complete catalogue of privately printed books, but is a delightfully gossipy account of such books as were, or had been, actually in Dobell's own possession. The bulk of the collection was acquired in the autumn of 1913 by the Library of Congress, Washington. Dobell's comments are engagingly frank. Thus of a certain William Walker's dramatic poem, "Mariamne; or the Court of Herod the Great," he writes: "I must confess that I have not been able to read this tragedy, and therefore I will not express an opinion about it. However, I will quote a short passage from it for the sake of one line (which I italicize)." The line ran:

He hath a stomach of so stern a shape.

Some of G. S. Steinman's valuable biographies of the ladies of the Court of Charles II are included in this Catalogue. On the "Particulars . . . towards a Memoir of Mrs. Myddelton" (1864) Dobell writes: "Mr. Steinman might doubtless have bestowed the great amount of time and labor which he has lavished on this memoir of Mrs. Myddelton on a worthier subject"; then, repenting of his severity, adds, "but a beautiful woman makes conquests not only during her lifetime but after her death." On pretentious ineptitude—as in the case of George Weguelin, *Gent.*, author of "The Eccentric" (1829)—Dobell can be properly severe. A society styling itself "The Eccentrics," in the days of the Fourth George, had appointed George Weguelin "Laureat," and his verses were recited at the society's meetings. When the "Laureat" privately printed a collection of these precious effusions he complained that a fellow-member had tried to rob him of his fame by claiming the authorship. Dobell contemptuously remarks: "That any one, besides the author, should claim to be the writer of such doggerel is strange indeed, and should be noted as a new 'Curiosity of Literature.'" Those who care for literary freakishness will be interested in the whimsical brochures (of which Dobell had a copious collection) issued at his private press—from 1831 onwards for a score of years—by Charles Clark of Great Totham, Essex, a kindly humorous farmer, whose hobbies were antiquarianism and Malthusianism.

Dobell printed in 1901, for private distribution, a volume of original poems, "Rosemary and Pansies," which he reissued in 1904—with alterations and additions—for general circulation; it was followed in 1910 by "A Century of Sonnets." In his poetry, particularly in his sonnets, there is a sincerity of feeling and depth of thought that must impress the most heedless reader. Scornful of conventional creeds he had in early manhood embraced the somewhat chilly rationalism of mid-Victorian "free-thinkers," and I fancy that as he approached the threshold of old age his poetic warm-hearted nature became a little dissatisfied with the rigorous convictions that had sustained him in his strenuous and laborious youth. His ambition was that his poems might live after him and help others yet unborn to seek Truth as earnestly as he himself had sought it, and front Fate as fearlessly. In his latest group of sonnets, "A Lover's Moods," he put away the consideration of vexing problems and revealed himself an idealist. Some of these sonnets appeared last March in the *Poetry Review*, where they attracted much notice; and he was, I know, genuinely pleased when he received an offer (which he accepted) from the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, O., through their president, to print the complete sequence for the use of their members.

My last long talk with him was shortly before the outbreak of the Great War. He had been ill and was hardly convalescent, but his mind was never brighter. I found him full of literary projects (he particularly mentioned a volume of Shakespearean studies), eager and enthusiastic as on the day when first we met in 1874. It seemed to me that he still had before him many years of life and work; but I had not foreseen the Great War. When that terrific conflict began, Dobell's kindly, sensitive spirit shrank in horror from the prospect of the countless sorrows that it was to bring upon humanity. The subject obsessed him; filled his waking and sleeping thoughts; he had no wish to live, and was glad when at last the end came—on the fourteenth of December.

Dobell contributed many interesting and valuable papers, scholarly or bibliographical, to various magazines; and doubtless some of those scattered articles will be collected for publication in book-form. The bookselling business—famous the world over—in the Charing Cross Road, will be carried on by his sons, Mr. Percy J. Dobell (whose knowledge of literature, old and new, is wide and profound) and Mr. Arthur Eustace Dobell.

A. H. Bullen.

Stratford-upon-Avon, England.

Correspondence

RELATIONS OF THE LEGISLATURE AND THE EXECUTIVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Rumors are once more afloat that there are designs on the part of certain members of both the Senate and the House of Representatives to bring the executive into closer relations with the law-making bodies. Though the subject is a very old one, it has assumed a new interest. It will be recalled that President Taft, shortly before he retired from the Presidency, voiced a growing impression that closer relations between the Executive and the Legislature were not merely desirable, but that they could be arranged in strict accord with the Constitution as it exists and with certain early practices. These views he expressed on at least two notable occasions: first, in response to a toast on the Presidency before the Lotos Club in New York city on November 16, 1912, and again in a special message to Congress on the following December 19. To the message Congress paid no attention, although there was some comment by the press of the country on its specific recommendation. But the practice of President Wilson in addressing the Senate and House in joint session—thus far on nine occasions in two annual and seven special messages—has kept the general problem alive. Especially in respect to appropriations it has long been felt in some quarters that if the several heads of departments, well informed as to special needs of expending money, were themselves present in the House of Representatives to answer questions or to give direction to debate, they might greatly promote the laudable process towards national economy. In truth, should a plan of introducing the secretariat into Congress be formulated in the present session with any degree of precision, it might, in view of the present interest in the problem, bring forth important—perhaps permanently beneficial—results.

"Constructive legislation, when successful, is," in the words of President Wilson, "always the embodiment of convincing experience, and of the mature public opinion which

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finally springs out of experience." Applying this sentiment to the present problem even before any clear effort to solve it has taken shape in a bill before Congress, let us examine briefly the course of practices and a few efforts in the past which can in any wise aid towards its solution. In other words, what experiences in the past are there which should now be borne in mind?

The beginnings of the American secretariat go back to the latter days of the Revolution. In the year 1781, when there was only a single-chambered Congress and no provision for what would to-day be termed a Chief Executive, three administrative headships—all of them dependent on Congress—were definitely established over Departments of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and War. Three men, Robert Morris, Robert R. Livingston, and Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, were placed in their charge. At the same period there were also a postal organization under a Postmaster-General, a Marine Department which, for want of a special Secretary, was consigned to Morris's care, and a crude judicial establishment which was really headless, although an attempt in the preceding year to place over it an Attorney-General had been made. The system, under the circumstances, worked haltingly: only two departments, Foreign Affairs and War, and the postal organization remained under single headships to 1789. But it should not be forgotten that the Congress summoned Morris, Livingston, and, more frequently as time elapsed, John Jay (Livingston's able successor) to appear before it for the purpose of obtaining information and even guidance in the serious problems which then confronted it.

The transition from the Government of the Confederation to the new Government under the Constitution was necessarily to some extent a matter of slow adjustment and compromise. A new office, the Presidency, had been created by the Convention of 1787, not without careful regard to its independence of legislative trammels, and yet to its effectiveness as an organ of administration and direction. A set of administrative officials—the later Cabinet—was so arranged that the President might, if he saw fit, summon it as a body. Both Washington and John Adams, first successive occupants of the new office, were, of course, aware of past practices. Each of them on many occasions and without hesitation addressed Senate and House in joint sessions assembled. Accordingly, they established a practice in this particular respect which, consciously abandoned by President Jefferson in December, 1801, was for the first time thereafter revived by President Wilson when, on Tuesday, April 8, 1913, he chose to address the two houses on the subject of the tariff.

There is to-day a prevalent popular impression—all too commonly voiced by public men and having the sanction of a series of careless writers since the latter days of the Civil War who have considered the historic aspects of the problem—that it was the "early practice" of both Senate and House to admit to their sessions the President's official advisers. Even as careful a writer as Prof. Charles A. Beard speaks as though the Cabinet sometimes appeared "in person . . . to outline their policies." This impression rests upon several instances of somewhat different character which, whether taken separately or all together, give no real ground for the term "practice." It is usually recalled in this connection that the language of the act of September 2, 1789, creating the Treasury Department—language supposed (but without proof) to have been first suggested by Alexander Hamilton—provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should "make report and give information to either branch of the Legislature *in person* or in writing, as he may be required, respecting all matters referred to him by the Senate or House . . . or which shall appertain to his office."

This, moreover, is the law to-day. But is there, it may be asked, a single instance recorded in our annals of any Secretary of the Treasury ever having been allowed to appear before either Senate or House in person in order to present a report or even to give information? In January, 1790, Hamilton vainly tried to obtain consent of the House to read to it his intricate "Report on Public Credit." Again, in November, 1792, there were those in the House who greatly desired to hear on its floor both Hamilton and Knox respecting the causes and possible consequences of St. Clair's disastrous defeat by the Indians. Nothing whatever came of this but a refusal to permit them to appear. Looking a little farther: the Senate summoned John Jay before it on two occasions in the summer of 1789, first on June 17 to give information with respect to a proposed appointment, and again on the following July 22 to inform Senators about a consular convention. Twice in August, 1789, Washington, accompanied by Secretary Knox, went before the Senate, then in executive session, for the definite purpose of helping to adjust a treaty with the Choctaw Indians. The latter situation proved so very awkward for everybody concerned that it seems once for all to have established a precedent against its repetition, although it need not be forgotten that the right of the President to come to the Senate for personal consultation is still recognized in the Rules of the Senate. There may possibly have been a few other incidents similar to some of the foregoing during our early years under the Constitution. But they were all of them, it may be confidently asserted, of such a negative nature as to give no substantial ground for the prevalent impression.

Since the beginnings of government under the Constitution, various devices—notably a Speakership gradually acquiring powers that only very recently had to be limited, and an intricate and rather illogical system of Congressional committees—were developed largely for the purpose of coördinating legislative effort with executive administration. After quite fifty years of careful discussion over the general problem—discussion which received marked impetus and guidance through the two efforts in both House and Senate of the late George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, and others to get two bills passed (first in the House in 1864-1865, and again in the Senate in 1879-1882) for the purpose of obtaining seats in Congress for the secretariat, with privileges of debate—it may be reasonably asserted that public opinion has had ample time to reach some degree of maturity on the subject. Even as long ago as 1833, Justice Story, in his "Commentaries," carefully examined the problem before it had received a hearing in Congress, though it would be going farther than his discussion of it warrants, to say—as has very recently been said—that Story either urged or favored without much qualification the admission of the secretariat to either house.

The truth is that the matter remains to-day what it has always been—a debatable and undetermined issue. On the one side, favoring admission, stand such names as ex-President Taft, President Wilson, James A. Garfield, James G. Blaine, John J. Ingalls, John D. Long, Perry Belmont, and the late Gamaliel Bradford. So far as President Wilson is concerned, he revealed his position first over thirty years ago in an article in the *Overland Monthly* (January, 1884); and he has not yet indicated in spoken or printed word, so far as I am aware, any change. On the other side are to be found such names as Justin S. Morrill, Thomas B. Reed, Samuel S. Cox, Judge M. Russell Thayer, Freeman Snow, Hannis Taylor, A. Lawrence Lowell, and Hilary A. Herbert—all strongly opposed to any such measure. Accordingly, it may be assumed that, if such a measure were in the near future introduced into Congress, whether with or without President Wilson's recommendation, it would run no unobstructed course, for it has always been regarded as striking at the very heart of our system of government, and as calling for readjustments out of accord with past practices and akin to such practices as have long been associated with the British system of parliamentary government.

That many improvements are to be introduced in future into our system of government, especially in the matter of closer relations between the Executive and the Legislature, no one can doubt who has followed the evidence of institutional progress within recent years. In a thoughtful paper read last December in Washington before the American Political Science Association, Dr. William F. Willoughby, former Treasurer of Porto Rico and now deputy constitutional adviser to the Chinese Republic, attempted to examine this old subject from a present-day standpoint. So far as the departments are concerned, Mr. Willoughby deems it desirable that Congress should reorganize its committees in such a way as to relate them carefully to the ten great departments. He says:

> Only as it does so will it be possible to make the two systems articulate. Only as such articulation is secured will it be possible to make the two systems work in harmony and coöperation with each other. This means in practice that each house of Congress shall have a system of committees corresponding with approximate closeness to the system of organization of the Government. If this is done, not only will responsibility and authority be definitely located, but the two systems will touch at all points, thus permitting of close coöperative relations throughout.

Dr. Willoughby is frankly opposed to any attempt to graft on to our system of government the alien parliamentary practices of the British system, for the simple reason (as he holds) that it could not be done with any regard to our past development.

Our committee system is too deeply rooted to be either ignored or easily modified. Through it we have managed for years to get ahead. We have had no "convincing experiences"—to recur to President Wilson's language—on the side of admitting the secretariat into Congress. Moreover, that mature public opinion, which, in the eyes of President Wilson and other thoughtful men, is essential to constructive legislation, has thus far given no unqualified or general support to the plan of admitting Cabinet officers to Congress.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

Washington, D. C., December 17.

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MILITANT PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The neutrality of a Government in time of war is one thing; the personal convictions of its people another. Unquestionably, the overwhelming majority of Americans regard German militarism as the real cause of the present war. To overcome this general American conviction, the Germans have conducted in this country a newspaper campaign which, for energy, may shame our keenest advertising geniuses.

If the Americans are to be softened or liberalized, they must be convinced that they have misunderstood the German point of view. But there have appeared no denials of the purposes and policies of German militarism. On the contrary, the *Machtpolitik*, or world-empire, by means of the sword is unanimously expounded by Nietzsche, Treitschke, von Bernhardi, von Edelsheim, Eucken, Harnack, Hauptmann, Münsterberg, Emperor William, and the entire line of German scientists, militarists, scholars, statesmen, writers, and rulers. While so baleful a policy remains uncontradicted, the Germans ought not to expect the sympathy of the people of any neutral nation.

Of the success of German militarism there seems to be but one "neutral" opinion. To quote Guglielmo Ferrero, who probably states it in the most powerful and graphic manner: "The mind is appalled merely in thinking about it. The darkest prophecies seem legitimate. Oppressions, new wars, revolutions, a terrible crisis, economic, political, moral, in which a great part of European civilization will perish, this is what one may predict." This world-empire business has gone even so far that Gen. von Edelsheim has elaborated a plan for foreign or "overseas" conquest, wherein he lays out a campaign for bringing the United States to its knees.

From the beginning of the war, in August last, it must have been evident to any American that if Germany shall be victorious, we ourselves, in less than a decade, shall be forced to fight for our political existence against this world-devouring Moloch of Prussian militarism. The nominal cause will be our Monroe Doctrine. Germany is already colonizing in Guatemala, Brazil, and Argentina. She needs the Panama Canal. We, therefore, must yield or fight. A Germany dominating Europe cannot be successfully resisted. As with us, so with every other "neutral" Power left on the globe. Like the Roman Empire, it will continue to grow until it falls to pieces of its own weight. The horrible drama now enacting in Europe is witness that these considerations are not merely academic or chimerical. The monster has devastated Belgium to annihilation, and it declares that its goal is not the amending of European frontiers, but is "overseas."

In the face of this cataclysm it may be a stern necessity for the United States to face seriously the overwhelming responsibility and assist the Allies, to its full extent in money and men, in utterly extirpating this menace to the world's civilization. Entrance to the alliance could only be upon a militant peace basis. This new form of prospective universal peace has been voiced by Hamilton Holt, Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Holt's exposition being the clearest and most precise. Militant peace is based upon wisdom and common-sense. It is not a will-o'-the-wisp, a moral engagement entered into by Utopians and doctrinaires; but a practical, efficient, twentieth-century method of solving the greatest problem confronting civilization.

The aid of the United States at this juncture will definitely decide the European war. It could also at once be made the beginning of an era of universal peace, enforced by arms. The proposal seems horrible, but so are the conditions. The position of the United States in the war would be that of a nation fighting and making sacrifices solely for a principle, asking for no territorial reward, for no indemnity, for nothing but the extermination of war and dreams of world-empire. The cost would be beyond computation in everything but liberty and the future safety of civilization.

The human race now seems to be at the parting of the ways. There should be an irresistible, never-give-up determination to stop forever this present militarism. Humanity should now unalterably decree that there should never be another horror like that of Belgium. Ransom Pratt.

San Francisco, December 7, 1914.

MR. SMITH REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It happens that two criticisms of me are published in your issue of December 31.

(1.) Mr. W. H. G. Thomas takes exception to my statement, in a recent bibliographical study, that it is not generally known that the Thirty-nine Articles are based on work from Luther's pen. I traced the genealogy of this symbol to Thirteen Articles drawn up at a conference, in England, of the Germans Boineburg and Myconius with some British divines; this confession, in turn, was dependent on Seventeen Articles formulated by Luther and Melanchthon two years earlier at Wittenberg, and then handed to the English Ambassadors, Edward Foxe and Nicholas Heath. Mr. Thomas now comes forward with the discovery that the Thirteen Articles had long been known to church historians. I am quite aware of the fact. The only thing which I believe to be comparatively little realized is the derivation of these from the Seventeen Articles. The bare existence of this creed had, indeed, been known from Seckendorf, who, in his "Historia Lutheranismi" (published, I think, in 1596), calls it a *repetitio et exegesis confessionis Augustanæ*. But the document had long been lost, and was first rediscovered in the Weimar archives, published, and its relation to the Anglican symbol demonstrated, by Prof. G. Mentz, in 1905, in the small pamphlet quoted by me in the above-mentioned bibliographical study. If Mr. Thomas thinks it immaterial whether the Anglican symbol was founded on the work of a Lutheran or of Luther himself, I dare say he is right from his point of view; only he missed the purpose of my paper, which was to collect evidence of the Reformer's own work in England, not all traces of Lutheran influence in general.

(2.) In the same columns Dr. F. C. Conybeare comes to the defence of England's action in moving troops across Portuguese territory in the Boer war. In his first letter (published October 29) he stated that had England chosen to force a passage across Lorenzo Marques she might have ended the war at once, but that she was too scrupulous to do so. Mr. Schuetze and I replied to this by showing that England had actually crossed the Portuguese colony at this time, and that this violation of the law of nations had been severely condemned by Sir Thomas Barclay in his article "Neutrality" in the last "Encyclopædia Britannica." The eminent Biblical scholar now comes forth again to defend England's act by a remarkable piece of special pleading. He argues: (1) That it was not across Lorenzo Marques but across Beira that the troops marched—as if that made the slightest difference; (2) he says that he has found nothing about a breach of international law in the (partisan) English histories of the Boer war, or in the (purely military) German history. This argument is the same as that made by a prisoner at the bar of a court of justice, who pleaded for acquittal on the ground that whereas only two witnesses had seen him commit murder he could summon a hundred who had not seen him; (3) Dr. Conybeare alleges the existence of a treaty permitting the transfer of troops, and quotes the opinions of officers of the English and Portuguese Governments to the effect that the action was justified. This is putting the parties to a conspiracy in judgment on their own act. Sir Thomas Barclay examines the treaty and shows that it is incapable of the construction put upon it by the two Governments. Moreover, it is a fundamental maxim of international law that no such treaty can be made, and that a neutral power must keep its territory inviolate at all times. Belgium, for example, was warned by England in a menacing tone that she must defend her territory against Germany, and then, I might add, she was left in the lurch by her powerful allies.

Dr. Conybeare closes with an appeal to the judgment of other international jurists, and, if he abides by this profession, he must admit that his case is lost. A very thorough and impartial study of the whole subject has been made by Mr. R. G. Campbell in "Neutral Rights and Obligations in the Anglo-Boer War" (Johns Hopkins Studies No. 26, 1908, pp. 64ff). In this he quotes the opinions of leading jurists, and shows that they were "all one way," against the validity of the act. He further says that the consensus of European public opinion condemned this act, and was justified in doing so. He quotes, in particular, an opinion against it formulated in the French Cabinet. He concludes: "The Transvaal contention would appear fully warranted. In the light of modern international law the action of England in sending troops through neutral territory against a nation at peace with Portugal was based upon a flagrant misreading of a purely commercial treaty. The action of the Portuguese Government in allowing this was a gross breach of the duties incumbent on a neutral state in time of war."

I am perfectly honest in professing friendship to both Germany and England. Apart from the numerous personal ties I have with both peoples, I deeply admire and like them both. But this cannot blind me to the fact that in their foreign policy both of them—and I might add all the other Powers now at war, including Belgium—have acted like pirates. The only difference between them is that one freebooter, Capt. Bull, who has been longest at the trade and has procured the most plunder, now puts on the airs of an injured and inoffensive parson, throwing up eyes and hands in holy horror at all Germany's acts. How wicked to crush small nations!—witness India, Egypt, the Boer Republics, and Persia. Unheard of to violate neutrality!—except, of course, such trifles as

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the seizure of the Danish fleet in the Napoleonic wars, rushing troops across Beira in the Boer war and across China by England's ally Japan now, and the attack, as reported in the papers, of an English vessel upon a German one in Spanish territorial waters. Barbarous to burn and bombard towns! Never mind the burning of Washington in 1814, and the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 5.

"INDEFEASIBLE RIGHTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not the sentence, "No plea of extreme necessity, or of life or death for England or any other Power, can avail to set aside the indefeasible rights of neutrals at sea," in your editorial in the *Nation* of January 7, rather a hard saying?

Surely common-sense tells us that some minor rights may have to be disregarded in a struggle for life and death? My grocer has an "indefeasible right" to payment for the tea and sugar he supplied me with last month; but it would surely be, at the very least, ungracious of him to press his claim at the moment when I was trying to extinguish the flames of my burning house? In the eyes of those to whom technicalities are supreme, Germany may have had some justification when she said that the shadow of a French aeroplane on the green fields of Belgium was just as much an infraction of neutrality as was her own invasion of that unfortunate little country. But surely no one but the blindest of partisans or the maddest of doctrinaires would draw any practical conclusion from this legal quibble? And might not a magnanimous neutral nation even overlook some injury to itself in a matter of life and death for a friendly sister state? When two of my neighbors are engaged in mortal combat, I do not interfere to the deadly danger of one of them merely because he has trampled down my geraniums in the course of the struggle.

Moreover, you speak as if there were only one "indefeasible" in the case; but is not the truth of the matter rather that neutral Powers have an indefeasible right to export contraband, if they can, and that belligerents have an equally indefeasible right to intercept such contraband, if they can? I believe that your own Chief Justice Marshall has laid down this rule. Is it not really a case of the immovable post and the irresistible flood of water, in which all that can be attempted is to make the flood as smooth, the post as polished, as possible?

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

London, January 25.

"GOOD NIGHT!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Beside the passage from "Fifine at the Fair," cited by Mr. Price in the *Nation* of February 4, should be placed one from "Henry IV," Part I. Worcester, in speaking of the danger of the conspiracy (Act I, Scene 3), alludes to the peril of one who should attempt to o'erwalk "a current roaring loud, on the unsteadfast footing of a spear." Hotspur takes up the figure with the words,

"If he fall in, good night!"

ROBERT P. UTTER.

Amherst College, February 4.

Literature

THE NINETEENTH PRESIDENT.

The Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Nineteenth President of the United States. By Charles Richard Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

The turn taken by political events just before and soon after the inauguration of President Hayes made him so conspicuous a figure that little that is new remains to be written of his public activities during that period, and the chief element of value in the present biography is the picture it gives us of the man, his personal relations, and his mental make-up. This would have been no easy task for one who had attempted to digest or interpret with impartial thoroughness the data at command; Hayes had few intimates, and for the significance of much that occurred in his life the reader must delve into the copious extracts from his diary and correspondence which Mr. Williams has here put into print, mostly for the first time. Through such documentary exhibits we not infrequently get an interesting revelation.

Hayes began to keep a journal at the age of twelve, but apparently it lapsed, to be revived at eighteen when he was a junior at Kenyon College, and was diligently continued the rest of his life. To its pages he committed his most confidential ratiocinations, the fruits of his introspective researches, his moral inventories and self-appraisements, the maxims he framed for his conduct and deportment; indeed, many of the entries savor of a sub-conscious notion that they might one day play a part in history like that played by the diaries of Washington, Franklin, and other exemplars commended to the boys of his generation. In his earliest contributions, for instance, he tells us that he has a very good opinion of himself, "which can by no means be considered a failing," but that, although "so well-convinced of the importance of self-esteem, there is perhaps no one more anxious to conceal it." In proof that this trait does not betray him into a related weakness, he assures us at a later date: "I make it a rule never to seek an opportunity to speak ill of any individual, and, if it is my duty to blame, to do it in as mild terms as the subject admits of," lest "I may contract a habit of slandering my acquaintances." This idea he absorbed from something of Bacon's he had been reading.

According to the testimony of classmates, he carried on his shoulders the oldest head in college, was never sick a day, was not caught in any boyish pranks, and confined his dissipations to fishing and playing chess. Some of his rules of conduct in early life, like resolving to break up the pernicious habit of reading newspapers and to let politics alone, underwent a radical change with ripeness of years. We are continually reminded that he had a rare sense of humor; but this passage, indited as a senior, leaves the reader in doubt how far his system was permeated by it:

> Only one short year remains before the frail bark of my destiny will be tossing on the stormy waves of an untried sea. What will be its fate in the voyage of life, depends much on the exertions I am now making. There is a monitor within, whose approving smiles are more valuable than the plaudits of millions; the first sits upon her seat unalterable as the sun in its course, the other is more fitful than a summer's breeze.

He seems to have been a natural conciliator, who sought means of composing differences between his mates and keeping out of quarrels himself, refusing to be drawn even into taking sides on the slavery question, which was agitating the college considerably. After graduation at Kenyon and a brief season of reading law in an office, he entered the law department of Harvard University, and was much impressed with the lectures of Justice Story, who laid stress on the wisdom of a lawyer's controlling his temper and always referring to his antagonist by some such phrase as "My learned friend on the opposite side." His first years in practice were rather discouraging, but he acquired a good deal of reputation by saving a female poisoner from the gallows on a plea of insanity, successfully making the point that an offender sane enough to hang must not only have had the mental power to premeditate the crime and appreciate its nature and consequences, but the will power to refrain from committing it. He also helped to free a slave girl who was passing through Ohio from one Southern State to another in charge of a friend of her master's, by convincing the court that, as she was there by consent of her master, she was not a runaway, and therefore not within the scope of the fugitive slave law.

His first entrance into politics was marked by the same methodical formulation of one-two-three rules, even as to the way he should make a speech, which had distinguished all his other enterprises. He had no respect for temperance fanatics, but was ready to address temperance conventions in the hope of preventing their members from forming a separate political party, and of steering them into the same fold with himself. Indeed, that attitude towards the liquor question seems to have been maintained throughout his life. Our author is careful to say that Hayes was not a total abstainer until he entered the White House, but liked an occasional glass of wine with his friends. The diary tells us that he ceased everything of the sort while President, so as not to give offence to prohibitionists, who might just as well be kept in the Republican party. It also turns the tables upon the gossips who spread the story that frozen punch was served at White House dinners during Mr. Hayes's term, disguised by concealment in the skins of oranges; it being explained that the ices under the orange-peels were infused, not with rum, but with an innocent ingredient that imparts the flavor of old Jamaica without its stimulating effect. Mr. Hayes may have acquired his notions on the liquor

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question by inheritance, his grandfather having kept an inn at Brattleboro, Vt., the larger part of his life, but become a teetotaler at the age of seventy for fear lest his example might be cited against the cause of temperance.

There has been more or less controversy over the religious affiliations of President Hayes. Most sketches of him class him as a Methodist. We learn from this biography that he never united with any church. Probably he was more nearly a Unitarian than anything else. Certainly he was deeply stirred as a young man by reading the "Life and Works" of Dr. Channing, and afterwards wrote: "The great features of his system are founded on the rock of truth. If ever I am made a Christian, it will be under the influence of views like his. . . . The half of the orthodox creeds I don't understand and can't fully believe." Mrs. Hayes was a Methodist, and when they came to the White House they walked out the first Sunday to the nearest Methodist church, which happened to be that known as the Foundry. Thither they went weekly as long as they remained in Washington. Every Sunday evening, also, a number of their friends used to drop into their parlor for an hour or two of hymn-singing and conversation, the company including at times Gen. Sherman, Carl Schurz, and William McKinley, jr., then in the early stages of his Congressional career.

When the Civil War broke out, Secretary Chase offered to get Hayes a colonelcy, but he declined, preferring to take a major's commission and work his way up. Before his regiment had left Columbus, an incipient mutiny occurred, because the State could equip it at that time only with a rather antiquated type of musket. Hayes stepped to the fore at once, and in a patriotic speech reminded the men that the main question was not what kind of guns they fought with, but the spirit with which they used whatever they could get to support the Union. It broke up the trouble instantly. McKinley served in the ranks in Hayes's regiment. In 1864, after the close of the Shenandoah Valley campaign, Hayes's headquarters were made the polling-place for the Ohio volunteers, and Gen. Sheridan and McKinley—by that time a lieutenant—cast their maiden votes there. Hayes had to vote first, to show Sheridan how to do it. Sheridan said afterwards: "I don't ever expect to vote again, but I did want to vote for Old Abe!"

In his canvasses for Governor and Representative in Congress, Hayes distinguished himself for the vigor of his arguments in advocacy of civil service reform, sound finance, and, incidentally, non-sectarian free schools. He was equally outspoken when he was put into the field for President. By that time, too, the Reconstruction policy of the Government was exciting much popular discussion, and on this Hayes took advanced ground favorable to a larger measure of home rule for the States lately in rebellion. He seems to have realized that a President who should attempt to carry into execution the programme he favored on all these subjects might be embarrassed if suspected of cherishing hopes of reëlection, so he seized an early opportunity to let it be known that he desired only one term; and, as the platform was silent on that head, he formally announced his position in his letter of acceptance.

In considering the question of a Cabinet, Hayes as usual formulated a set of rules for his own guidance: he would hold over none of Grant's official family, would take in no Presidential candidates, and would make no appointment to "take care of" anybody. He invited Sherman—in contempt of his second rule—nearly a fortnight before the Electoral Commission had finished its hearings; Schurz the next week. Evarts he caused to be sounded, but deemed it inexpedient to invite him until he had finished his service as counsel for the Republicans before the Commission. Hayes had set his heart on having an ex-Confederate as one member, as an earnest to the South of his friendliness. From his first choice, Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, for Secretary of War, his political advisers had difficulty in dissuading him, but he finally shifted to David M. Key for a less spectacular place. He incurred the enmity of Conkling by refusing to make Thomas C. Platt Postmaster-General, of Simon Cameron by refusing to retain his son, "Don," and of Blaine by declining to let him direct the destination of a single portfolio, though offering one in vain first to Hale and later to Frye, from the same State.

His withdrawal of the Federal troops from interference in the civil politics of Southern States brought him a fresh crop of foes, including William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Benjamin F. Wade, and other Abolitionist leaders, who did not agree with him in believing that the South would in good faith yield the negroes their rights as citizens under the last three Constitutional amendments. All the economists who favored retrenchment in pension appropriations rose in wrath against him for signing the arrears act, and most of the labor-union element damned him for vetoing the Chinese immigration act, notwithstanding its prompt re-passage. Thus encompassed with hostilities, and sharply censured even by those Democrats whom he had most trusted because he had taken his seat as President at the hands of a Commission unknown to the Constitution, he passed his last years in office.

One general rule of life Hayes lived up to consistently in spite of strong provocation: he never let himself be drawn into public controversy about his own conduct, personal or official. He felt sure that the truth would come out eventually; that, if one lie about him were exposed, its authors would speedily make up another; and that if he answered any, but failed to notice one, it would be taken by the public as a confession that this one had some foundation in fact. In spite of all his philosophy, it is plain that he was not without sensitiveness about such matters. He lived to see many slanders refuted, and many batteries of ridicule shamed into silence without his breaking his own. To his manifest astonishment, Arthur, whom he had turned out of the New York Collectorship, met him years afterward in the pleasantest way, having in the meantime learned what the burdens of the Presidency meant to the man who was bearing them and trying to do what he regarded as right. Other long-standing breaches were healed with critics who had come to understand his motives better. About a year before his death he wrote in his diary: "An abundance of friendly comment comes to me these days. The stream of abuse has gone by. The reaction is coming. . . . Lucy was more hurt by calumny than I ever was. . . . I was confident always that in ten years or more the judgment of our acts and character would be more friendly."

Mr. Williams has done a faithful piece of work; but he has erred, as so many writers of reminiscence and biography err in these rapid days, in crowding into his two large volumes a mass of matter that could better have been preserved in the archives or proceedings of some historical society, leaving him free to skim the cream of important fact and make it into easier reading for the public at large. Sprinkled amid the thousand pages are a number of illustrations, including portraits taken of Hayes at various ages. Those made directly from life-photographs would impress the unbiassed physiognomist with the amiability, and possibly the mobility, of their subject rather than with the force of character which his acts in important crises have seemed to attest.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wonderful Romance. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Here is a definitive presentment of the favorite philosophy of "Pierre de Coulevain." It is a sort of optimism gone mad, an obsession of belief that (as one might say) whatever is is right, whether it is wrong or not. Though it came to this writer as a revelation comparatively late in life, it is not precisely a novel creed. But she has succeeded in giving it a novel flavor, which is the important thing with creeds. The "Wonderful Romance" means the same thing as the "heart of life"—life is all a romance, written by a master hand, with chapters hard to understand by themselves, but each contributing in its own way to the masterpiece. The book is less a story than "On the Branch" or "The Heart of Life," but has been even more popular in France—no doubt because many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have had enough of disillusion, and wish once more to believe. Here is a prophet so vigorous and thoroughgoing, so much in love with herself and her message, so fetchingly compounded of ingenuousness and ingeniousness, that it is hard to resist her: a sort of Mrs. Eddy of the boulevards. And if this latest utterance is not a novel, it gets the effect of fiction from the very large number of episodes used for illustration, many of them

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very artfully told short stories in themselves. Moreover, sincere as one feel the author to be, it is always clear that she cannot help dramatizing herself, taking an almost theatric interest in her own mental and emotional experience. She begins the book not knowing what she is going to say, but sure that it is going to be a great book. From the outset Providence plays into her hands, supplies her, whenever she is gravelled for lack of matter, with a fresh lead, or boost. It usually takes the form of some personal experience—a chance meeting, an unexpected visitor, or what not. Everything is grist to her mill, and the grinding is a delightful process. Fancy will do as well as fact, in case of need. She often writes like this: "I fancy that kind-hearted, ordinary sort of people must have a sweet odor, and that intelligent, healthy, good people must have an aromatic odor. As to the idealists, they must have an extraordinarily complex chemistry. Their odor must be a mixture of lilies, tuberoses, musk, amber, and benzoin."

The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The writer of this book dedicates it to Mr. H. G. Wells: "To the writer who turned the strongest light upon the complexities of his day; showed me my fellowman struggling through endless misunderstandings and pains towards a hidden goal; restored to me a trust I thought dead in the goodwill that will not die; shook scales from my eyes and filled those eyes with dreams; bade me harbor no illusion and yet nurse hope; showed me I might love that which I despised, because man must not bear the burden of my arrogance." This, indeed, is a story within Mr. Wells's range, though not in his manner. Mr. George is more meditative, less militant. He has not got so far as to hold a theory of his characters, unless as fellow-gropers towards that hidden goal. They are, we take it, persons such as he would have despised in his pre-Wellsian days, but whom he now feels constrained to love as the Ancient Mariner felt constrained to love those creeping things of his abhorrence. They are, in truth, objects pathetic rather than loathly. The irony of their interpretation is more consciously tempered with mercy than Mr. Bennett's rendering of his Bursley family, but the mood of the book is closer to that of "The Old Wives' Tale" than to that of "Ann Veronica."

In a sense we have here a variation on the theme upon which so much of the fiction of the passing generation has been based: the "Oh, no, people are not happy ever after" theme. Mr. George shows three married sisters, in their thirties. Their Victorian mother, in marrying them off, has felt them to be comfortably disposed of. One of them is Mary, the normal female of her kind, immersing herself, as her forerunners have done, in the tasks of child-bearing, housekeeping, and husband-coddling. She is, we say, comfortably disposed of, but even she feels dimly the sex-unrest of her time, and her domesticity and cow-like content are estates carefully guarded. She is not sure whether they are a solution of the woman question or merely a begging of it. Mary is the youngest of the three. Clara, the eldest, has married a solid baronet with political ambitions. They have no children, and her second blooming takes the form of a period of feverish activity in politics and philanthropy. Grace has married a lawyer, a pompous egotist and bore. After years of married life, she is still his girlie-girlie, his Gracie-bracie, object of his clumsy fondling. Her two children have fallen into the hands of a corps of capable servants, and do not need her. She is by nature an *amoureuse*, destined to bloom a second time as mistress of a roaming, "predatory" male who is superior to his type only by virtue of his honesty. The relation exists for years; her sisters know of it, but nobody else. Finally it comes to an end by agreement. The lovers simply tire of each other, and the wife becomes once more the sole property of her husband, to whom her adventure has moderately reconciled her. Meanwhile, Clara has given up her politics and settled down also as an outwardly conventional and contented wife. Mary's real second blooming has taken the form of motherhood. The concluding chapter, in which the three compare notes and moralize their lot, leaves the whole matter vague if not hopeless. Clara mocks her dead enthusiasms—nothing matters. Grace somewhat feverishly clings to the memory of her love. Even if the future holds little for her, "We've still got what the dead years brought us." It 's Mary who sums up:

"Children, that's a way—that's how I look at it. One can't help being fond of them if one has enough—a sort of habit. So I'm not sorry. Sometimes I think it wasn't the best thing I could do, and sometimes I think it was the best thing in the world, and then the baby cries, or something, and I stop thinking, and it's all right. Marriage is pretty difficult, you know, but it strikes me if you take it my way, well—there's hope."

"Hope?" murmured Clara. "I wonder whether there is hope for anybody."

"Yes," said Mary very gently, "there's hope for everybody—even for wives."

Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley. By Belle K. Mamates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

The merit of this story is that it introduces us to a number of lifelike characters of homely station—Amarilly, hopeful and irrepressible child of the slums, her widowed mother, and seven younger brothers, the boarder brakeman who lives with them, his sweetheart Lily Rose. The author's faith in meliorism inspires an action that might easily be more convincing. Amarilly's family becomes prosperous to an incredible degree, she herself gains an education, the hardworking brakeman marries and builds a house by hand, and all in the end reach the paradise represented by a farm. To the part played in the family fortune by a surplice given Amarilly for cutting up into clothes attaches a certain humor; it is used as a stage garment, is made a portion of a photographer's paraphernalia, and is pressed into service at a wedding. But in general it is deficiency in fun that causes the book to fall short of one much like it in temper—"The Birds' Christmas Carol."

THE AWAKENING EAST.

The Modernizing of the Orient. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

Impressions of the changing East have become abundant of recent years, though it is gratifying to find a change of conscience: cant phrases about "the White Man's Burden" and similar *clichés* from Kipling are no longer current. And yet these newer writers leave much to be desired. Vague and inconsequent are the predictions of the most observing peripatetics, and equally misleading are those of that school to whom the gramaphone and the sewing machine are symbols of progress. Under his apparently ironic title, Mr. Cooper's survey of the influences at work on the older Eastern civilizations is more to our liking. His indefatigable interest in all phases of thought and activity is typically American, and doubtless his pragmatic attitude proved refreshing to those leaders of native progress whom he was privileged to meet on his travels. Truly American was his perpetual question to the students of the Orient: "What are you going to do with your education?" That he found the students in Egypt, India, China, and Japan strictly utilitarian in their answers is a sufficient reward for all supporters of educational endeavor in the far East. Lord Kitchener's reply to the author's question regarding Egyptian youth is approvingly recorded: "We don't want them to get their hands soft."

But there is nothing adventitious about the awakening throughout the East. In India the gathering feeling against caste has been a matter of years, and while tacitly facilitated by the British, yet its growth has received its greatest impetus from native idealists. Contact with Western democracy, doubtless aggravated by Western domination, has revived whatever remnants of nationalism survived in the subject races of the East. For Egypt, and especially India, nationalism or autonomy offers problems that still await a native and not a British solution. Nationalism is now endemic throughout the East, but in countries like India the lack of homogeneity confounds its realization among races or tribes antipathetic to each other by creed and custom. Still, we question Mr. Cooper's statement that the British deliberately exploit racial antipathies; that they are prone to impartiality is notorious, and may often color such a suspicion. Triumphs like

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theirs in India during the present widespread unrest among Mussulmans, and on the European battlefields where heterogeneous native troops support them, must be attributed to this virtue. Antipathies throughout the East are fundamentally religious and traditional; to obliterate them must be the task of Western democracy. And no small measure of hope, as Mr. Cooper suggests, must lie with the eventual emancipation of women.

But Mr. Cooper's hobby is evidently education, and he has practical observations on the subject. No religion of the East is more stultifying than Hinduism, unless it is the great rival, Mohammedanism. But the lack of initiative or intellectual curiosity that Mr. Cooper rightly attributes to the evils of the "memory system," as exemplified in Moslem training at the great university, El Azhar in Cairo, has also persisted under the guise of Western education in India. That the system Macaulay perpetrated should have been inherited by Lord Curzon and Viscount Morley is one of India's many ironies. It is inevitable, as Kipling once inadvertently remarked, that India should be continually at war with an academic government. Upon these creations of Macaulay the globe-trotting imperialist has long sharpened his wit; but the fact remains that from these hybrid and disappointed *literati* are recruited the bomb-throwers of to-day. Though he skirts the industrial question, Mr. Cooper is suggestive on the subject. If he did not study the tariff in favor of Lancashire, or the conditions obtaining in the mills of the East, in Bombay and Shanghai, yet he praised in Egypt the prevocational training that will anticipate their evils. Education in the East unpleasantly savors of the West, where we are even now concerned with the commercial exploitation that haunts the schooldoors of our great cities. Did Mr. Cooper not write like an optimist, we should feel that he chose a tragic moment to study education in the Orient.

In China and Japan somewhat the same problem in education still exists, but their destinies lie in their own keeping; and the conflict between East and West has not been so violent, because homogeneity obtains. Perhaps their progress is due, in no small measure, to temperament: Mr. Lowes Dickinson has noted a similarity between the Chinese and the English, while Mr. Cooper found the Japanese somewhat American. The true magic of change and assimilation, as Mr. Cooper points out, will only be realized when the Orient recovers from the furious, sudden blast of Western progress and gives evidence of a healthy reaction in the expression of native talent and individuality. In using the latter term, one is likewise conscious that individualism can only triumph at the expense of the nationalism so essentially racial and peculiar to the Orient. Both Mr. Dickinson and the author predict the end of that amazing autocracy which has anomalously persisted in twentieth-century Japan, and of which semi-Asiatic Russia provides the only Western example. For nations like China and Japan the solution is therefore less complex. But the subject races of Egypt, India, the Philippines, and Korea, and the other "little peoples" of the Orient, are already feeling, in their most primitive types, the ferment of the yeast implanted by the West. An enviable task will await their historians in the future. With Mr. Cooper we are skirmishing with the outposts of progress, and his reconnaissance is particularly fruitful. It is a pity that his publishers have inflicted upon his interesting record so many typographical errors, and upon his photographs so many inane legends.

INTERPRETATION BY CONJECTURE.

The Origin of Attic Comedy. By Francis Macdonald Cornford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Mr. Cornford is one of the most indefatigable representatives of the recent endeavor of English scholarship to rejuvenate the study of the classics in the caldron of anthropological hypothesis, and revive the fainting interest of the public with analeptics or pick-me-ups of paradox. He has already many theses to his credit. In "Thucydides Mythistoricus" he reduces the political philosophy of the first philosophic historian to the psychology and dramatic schematism of Æschylean tragedy. In the chapter contributed to Miss Jane Harrison's "Themis" he investigates the origins of the Olympic games, without a single reference to the twenty-third book of the Iliad, and by methods which will conduct to still more surprising conclusions the future New Zealander who applies these methods to the early American institution of a football game on Thanksgiving Day and the mystical "Purity Banquet" of the Megistoi Kouroi (huskies?) at which the theriomorphic Nike-Daimon, "Old Stag," cats but is not eaten. In "From Religion to Philosophy" he traces the transition from mythology to early Greek philosophy with the aid of the assumption that the primitive religious fact is a social group, and that the meaning of nature, or *physis*, is the constitutive function of such a group. The thesis of the present volume is that the canonical plot formula of Attic comedy preserves the stereotyped action of a ritual or folk drama older than literature, and admitting illustration from analogous practices of many primitive peoples from Thrace to Scotland and "certain parts of Bavaria."

A comedy of Aristophanes may plausibly be described as consisting of a happy thought carried out by the ingenious projector in the face of opposition, a group of hymns and topical songs, the so-called parabasis, and a loose succession of farcical scenes. Zielinski elaborated a system and a terminology for the first part, the debate or so-alled *Agon*, and regarded the parabasis as an epilogue. Mr. Cornford's ambition is to impose scientific order on the chaotic indigest of loose scenes that follow the parabasis. They, too, must be canonical ritual survivals. Mr. Cornford's ingenuity discovers in every play a marriage, scenes of sacrifice and feasting, and hints at the death and resurrection of the old fertility king, or his defeat and supersession by the new. There are, in fact, about two marriages in eleven plays. But Mr. Cornford stretches the term to cover incidents which it would be a delicate euphemism to describe as common-law marriages, and which are best left in the decent obscurity of Demosthenes's designation, *μεθημερινοὶ γάμοι*. His problem, then, why Aristophanic comedy so often ends with a marriage, simply resolves itself into the question why musical comedy is apt to conclude with a more or less thinly disguised sexual appeal. We shall get more light on that problem from the final paragraph of Xenophon's Symposium or the words of the Direktor in the Vorspiel auf dem Theater of "Faust" than from any fertility dæmon, unless it be one who inspired Zola's "Fécondité."

No less strained are the arguments that introduce the "new Zeus motive" everywhere. The innocent word king is by the favorite fallacy of Mr. Cornford's teachers generally capitalized. The translation in "Frogs," 765, of *θρόνος* by "throne" is pressed into the service of the thesis. The frog-green robe presented to the Sausage-seller at the end of the "Knights" is on the evidence of a string of synonyms in "Pollux" converted into a royal mantle. The obviously political lampooning of Pericles as a tyrant and a king is made to point to the same conclusion, and every threat, blow, wound, or fainting fit of comic despair that is found throughout the plays is interpreted as a survival of the motive of the slaying and resurrection of the old king.

The book is nevertheless good reading. It will interest the scholar who sees through its sophisms, but is amused by any fresh handling of the familiar facts. It will entertain the general reader who cares little for Greek or for the truth about Aristophanes, but is attracted by the stimulating variety of topics and suggestions and flattered by the illusion of participating in an up-to-date scientific study of literary evolution. Why this petulant protest, then? Why not live and let live? Why, indeed, provided that it is once for all understood that the rules of this ingenious game do not prescribe exactness in the citation of texts, relevancy in their application, or always correctness in their translation. In "Themis" (p. 227) Mr. Cornford proves that the sun and moon dance in the same car by a false reading of Euripides's "Suppliants," 991, to which Professor Murray called his attention. But he does not inform his readers that Professor Murray's own text of Euripides does not even mention the reading here adopted for the sake of the theory. In the present volume, to take an example or two at random, he wins a slight advantage by repeatedly

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translating "Frogs," 1476, "left for dead." He takes the sweetmeats poured over a new slave entering the family circle for "a survival of the old ritual in which portions of the slain god and, later, grain that had been sprinkled over the sacrificial victim were given to the worshippers." He discovers a survival of the *pharmakos*, or scapegoat, in every personage who is beaten, driven out, fed fat, or forced to disgorge, an analogy which culminates in a Macedon to Monmouth parallel between I Corinthians, iv: 6, and the last line of the "Knights." He refers "Birds," 1774, to Peisthetairos, though it obviously means his bride. He makes "the whole company howl together in the last two hundred lines of the Iliad," and he completely misunderstands the meaning of Lysistrata's "surprising question" to the Proboulos, "Why on earth he does not die." The jibe at impotent senility, too Aristophanic for further elucidation here, is sufficiently explained by line 598, and the similar jests in "Ecclesiazusæ," 905, 983, 929-996. It is not a survival of the prehistoric motive of the death of the old king. It is simply, like most of the comic touches in which Mr. Cornford finds puzzles, *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches.* Indeed, far more significant than any of these minor inaccuracies, if they be such, is the fundamental vice of the method, the perpetual substitution of fantastic and conjectural survivals for the known *veræ causæ*, the obvious human and literary motives, and modern analogies that are quite sufficient to account for what Mr. Cornford deems "the curious nature of the facts" and the "extraordinary features" of Aristophanic comedy.

By some strange fatality, the very educators who vote to abolish the rational study of Greek in our colleges delight to muddle the undergraduate mind with the science of prehistoric literary origins. Mr. Cornford's book will therefore doubtless speedily find its way to the reference-shelf of every course in "General Literature" in the United States. The present protest is not aimed especially at Mr. Cornford, but is intended only as an assertion of that freedom of negative and destructive criticism which is just as indispensable to the progress of sound knowledge as is the liberty of inventive and constructive hypothesis. Why should reviewers read to confute? asks Professor Murray goodnaturedly. Must Homeric criticism abdicate? inquires Professor Cauer ironically. But so long as one set of scholars continue to inflate that bubble, others will be moved to prick it. And so long as the present monstrous exaggeration of the significance and interest of conjectural origins dominates literary and historical studies, critics will be found to repeat the admonition of Ruskin, "It is every man's duty to know what he is, and not to think of the embryo he was nor the skeleton that he shall be." Whether it be a duty or not, it is the first condition of sanity in philology as in life that we shall not confuse our apprehension of what the thing really is by speculations as to how it came to be.

Notes

"The Perfect Tribute," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, is announced for publication on February 12 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"War Brides," by Marion Craig Wentworth, will be published on February 20 by the Century Company.

G. W. Dillingham Company announces for publication on March 1: "The Honor of His House," by Andrew Soutar; "Come-On Charley," by Thomas Addison; "A Man's Code," by W. B. M. Ferguson; "The Highgrader," by William MacLeod Raine, and "Grouchy," by Arthur Hornblow.

From Harvard University we have received an announcement of a course of lectures in French on Lebesque Integrals which will be delivered by Prof. de la Vallée Poussin, of the University of Louvain, one of the visiting professors at Harvard. The first lecture will be held on Tuesday, February 16, at three o'clock, in 24 Sever Hall. The course will be given twice (possibly three times) a week throughout the remainder of the academic year. There will also be supplementary lectures and explanations in English by Dr. Dunham Jackson.

The undertaking of a concordance to the poetical works of Robert Browing was announced at the annual meeting of the Concordance Society of America, held at Columbia University, December 30, 1914. This new work is under the editorship of L. N. Broughton, of Cornell University, and B. F. Stelter, of the University of Southern California. The editors wish to make this further announcement of their undertaking in order to avoid any possible duplication of their labors. Communications regarding the work may be addressed to L. N. Broughton, Ithaca, N. Y.

With the original British publishers, Seeley & Co., Scribners have brought out a new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Picturesque Notes" on that Edinburgh which was to him one of the most romantic and loved of spots, and over whose corners he "doted as a virtuoso over his cabinet." The twelve full-page illustrations in color by James Heron of Knox's house, the Tolbooth, St. Giles, the Canongate, and other of the town's famous heritages give well-conceived assistance to a text too full of clear visualization to invite much illustration.

To form a just impression of the personality of Ellen Key, one should read her last two books, recently published by Putnams, "The Younger Generation," translated by Arthur G. Chater ($1.50), and "The Renaissance of Motherhood," translated by Anna E. B. Fries ($1.25 net). Both are marked by an elevation of thought which should go far to modify the impression produced by the laxity of utterance in her earlier, "erotic" works. Even in "The Renaissance of Motherhood," the erotic theme is nearly silent, and one may even suppose that Miss Key, scandalized by the impressions created by the earlier books, is writing here to tip the scale in the opposite direction. Much wearisome cant has been written about "motherhood," but Ellen Key's handling of the theme seems fresh and wholesome, and it would be difficult to find a more eloquent defence of the traditional family ideal. To be sure, she still stipulates for "love's freedom." But the conditions of freedom have now become so exacting as to be almost austere, and if "true love," as she conceives it, is to be made the condition of marriage, one must expect that the race will shortly come to an end. The truth is that Ellen Key is not a logical soul, and perhaps she is one of the few from whom logic is not properly to be expected. Want of logic to the contrary, she is neither a shallow nor a merely emotional thinker. Her books abound in fine and pregnant sayings, which are none the less provocative of thought because they are vague in outline and obscurely jointed. We are indisposed to accord much significance to feminine "intuition," but if there be such a quality of mind, we may take Ellen Key as an example of intuition at its best.

Some of the chapters in "The Younger Generation" deserve to rank as literature. The title appears to be little more than a frame for holding a number of essays on such subjects as "Activity and Self-Culture," "The Peace Problem," "Recreative Culture," and "The Few and the Many." The book is not about the younger generation, but is addressed to the younger generation. The two essays on peace, written apparently since the war began, are marked by a hopeful idealism and much good sense. She does not doubt that education will surely, if slowly, make war both hateful and stupid. "Every thoughtful person now knows that wars are neither determined by circumstances over which men have no control nor brought about in pursuance of a divine scheme, but that they are determined by circumstances which men are able to *transform* in proportion as they themselves acquire a clearer judgment, a higher reason, a nobler will, and a more delicate sensibility." Nor is anything to be gained, for example, by a general, Tolstoyan refusal of military service; for only those who have performed their military duties are entitled to discriminate between an aggressive and a defensive war. Throughout the volume one notes the struggle between the author's innate individualism, verging towards anarchism, and her sense of social responsibility, manifesting itself in a desire for a socialistic reconstruction of the state. But in the end individualism wins. And perhaps the most impressive chapter in the volume, if not also in recent literature, is her timely sermon to the youth, under the head of "Activity and Self-Culture," upon the squandering of thought and the cheapening of personal life, which results from the modern practice of acting and thinking in masses and the modern glorification of all that is "socially organized." For this she is entitled to a vote of thanks from all who stand for a humane view of life.

Milton's characterization of the wars of the Anglo-Saxon period as "battles of the kites and crows" will apply with more truth to the conflicts that have taken place since that time over the identifications of incidents and place names connected with the Anglo-Saxon conquest. In Albert F. Major's "Early Wars of Wessex," edited by the late Charles W. Whistler (Cambridge University Press; Putnam), we have a work bristling with controversy. The authors survey the warfare of Wessex from earliest times to the final victory of King Alfred at Ethandun, and bring to the elucidation of the meagre records of the chronicles an intimate knowledge

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of topographical and archæological evidence covering a very wide range. They deal with county boundaries, local traditions, dialectical peculiarities, and with a large number of primitive remains, such as earthworks, hill rings or fortresses, ditches, beacon pits, woodland frontiers, marshes, lagoons and estuaries, and river courses and obstructions. One great merit of the work lies in its frequent references to the importance of excavations as likely to solve many problems of origin and date. Another merit is its summary of all the leading points of controversy, a controversy which has in the past been carried on in newspapers, reviews, and the proceedings of local antiquarian societies. The work is accompanied with excellent pocket maps and many drawings of earthworks inserted in the text. The authors have presented a consecutive story, containing their own conclusions, reached after a critical examination of the evidence and based on searches extending over a period of fifteen years. Though agreeing with the opinions of many who have preceded them, they are at odds with some of their predecessors on important points. The most important single point of dispute concerns the location of Alfred's great battle with the Danes at Ethandun, which the authors identify with Edington in Somerset, despite W. H. Stevenson's assertion in his edition of Asser that such identification is impossible. The authors' argument rests entirely upon the military requirements of the case.

The theory advanced by Mr. Sholto O. G. Douglas in "A Theory of Civilization" (Macmillan; $1.50) has at least the merit of clearness. Civilization has its genesis in psychic illusion. Psychic illusion lifts man out of self to an altruistic plane of living, and thus makes for communal progress, higher morality, and sharpened intelligence. But, unhappily, sharpened intelligence pierces and destroys the psychic illusion out of which it was born. Faith is gone, rationalism takes its place, and life is again under the sway of lower and more selfish considerations. Its foundation of irrational psychic illusion thus rotting beneath it, civilization itself declines, though not quite to the depth from which its ascent originally started. When the intellectual level has sunk low enough to offer no deadly menace to the acceptance of the irrational, a new psychic illusion is born, grips the undiscriminating minds of the masses, and civilization, the breath of life renewed in its lungs, mounts the ladder again, destined to reach a higher level than before. But of course the newly sharpened intellect is doomed to do its deadly work of disillusionment anew, and again the whole structure must tumble, leaving the level of civilization higher than before only by the thickness of the irreducible mass of its own ruins. In the light of this theory the civilizations of the past are cursorily examined, and the field glasses of probability are turned towards the future.

The two great psychic illusions of the past are the Olympian and the Christian, leading respectively to the Græco-Roman and the Christian civilizations. Christianity had its origin, indeed, while the Græco-Roman civilization had still a considerable residuum of waning power, but had to wait for its triumph until the intellect had sunk low enough to give the psychic illusion of Christianity a chance to get its roots deeply and broadly fastened in a congenial soil. Then began a new growth of civilization, which was to have a double fruitage, first under Catholic auspices in the Renaissance, and again in the predominantly Protestant era that followed. But even now the keen rational intellect is at work upon the irrational psychic foundation underneath, and we can only look ahead to a slow descent into the twilight of comparative barbarism, to be lifted again, by some psychic illusion one day to spring from the womb of Time, into the sunlight of a still brighter civilization. For Mr. Douglas will not allow that this systole and diastole process is anything less than an immutable and eternal law of natural evolution. Civilization can spring only from irrational illusion, nor can it ever have the power in its conscious maturity to place itself on a more enduring basis. At best, by diffusing itself more widely, it can only increase its own bulk and thus prolong the period of its dissolution, as the body of an elephant will take longer to crumble into its original dust than that of a mouse. The argument of Mr. Douglas offers inviting points of attack, in its fundamental thesis, in its application of that thesis to the facts of the history of civilization in the past, and in the logic of its projection into an infinite future. Recognizing the pressure of other problems, however, the reviewer will go no further than to place himself on the side of the many who believe that the present civilization, whether it had its birth in "psychic illusion" or not, has within its reach all the elements necessary to a moral, intellectual, and political progress far beyond anything yet attained.

If the reading public does not soon come to an understanding of the technique of the short story, it will prove itself incorrigibly perverse. Prof. E. A. Cross is the most recent to bring first aid to perplexed readers. His "The Short Story" (McClurg; $1.50) has no intention of hatching a fresh brood of geniuses, but is addressed exclusively to those who wish to increase their pleasure in short fiction by adding an appreciation of technical skill. There is no reason why a conscientious person might not achieve this æsthetic ambition by conning Mr. Cross's hundred pages of doctrine, illustration, and suggestion. At any rate, he will find entertainment in the eighteen unhackneyed and discriminatingly chosen stories, ranging from the time of Christ to the present year and exemplifying an interesting variety of treatment. A bibliography and a long list of short fiction should satisfy the most industrious.

We have now before us the third volume of Prof. C. M. Gayley's admirable series, "Representative English Comedies" (Macmillan; $2 net). The volume bears the sub-title, "The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare: Fletcher and Others," and includes the following plays: Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," Middleton and Rowley's "Spanish Gipsie," Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Brome's "The Antipodes," and Shirley's "The Royall Master." According to the plan of the series, each play is preceded by a critical essay on the particular author (or authors), with a summary of what is known about his life, the stage-history of the play selected, etc. The names of the writers of these essays—Professor Saintsbury, Sir A. W. Ward, and others of similar eminence—constitute a sufficient guarantee of their value. Furthermore, the general editor introduces the volume with an elaborate and excellent "Comparative View" of the dramatists under consideration. Among the critical essays, that of Prof. Brander Matthews on Massinger is especially good. No exception can be taken to the selection of plays, except perhaps in the case of "The Spanish Gipsie." The opening scene of this drama, though repulsive, is one of striking power, but otherwise we should subscribe to the judgment (quoted by the editor) which was passed on the play by a newspaper critic at the time of its revival by the Elizabethan Stage Society in April, 1898—namely that it "is a strange mixture of romance and sheer tomfoolery, with a very elaborate and confused underplot." The main trouble here, as in some of the other best-known plays of its authors, is with the comic rubbish which Rowley contributed to their joint production. "The Fair Quarrell," for instance, suffers almost as much from this cause as the present play. Professor Gayley doubtless rejected "A Trick to Catch the Old-One," which we ourselves should have preferred, because of the "vulgarity" and the "moral, not to say artistic obtuseness of the dénouement" which he condemns in the Introduction. Picking out a clean comedy, however, from Middleton and Rowley's work would be a hopeless task, and, after all, the dénouement of the play in question is not more defiantly vicious than that of Machiavelli's "Mandragola," one of the masterpieces of the European drama.

With regard to the essay on Shirley, it would have been advisable to cite some of the recent literature concerning this author, who has been made the subject of more than one study since the publication of the bibliography in the sixth volume (1910) of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." For instance, there is Professor Schipper's "James Shirley: sein Leben und seine Werke" (Vienna, 1911). The book is destitute of any critical originality, but it gives useful analyses of Shirley's plays and includes also a translation into German verse of the play selected for the present volume, viz., "The Royall Master." Probably no other play of Shirley's has enjoyed the honor of being translated into a foreign language.

Mary Elizabeth Braddon, the novelist, died at Richmond-on-Thames, England, on February 4. Miss Braddon, who was the widow of the late John Maxwell, the publisher, and the mother of W. B. Maxwell, the novelist, was born in London in 1837, the daughter of a London solicitor. She received from private tutors a good education, and began at an early age to write for publication. A number of sketches and sentimental poems from her pen were printed in various provincial papers in England, but without remuneration, and it was not until she was twenty-three that writing began to be for her the profitable avocation that it afterwards became. At that time she was offered $50 for a story that should combine the human interest of Charles Dickens with the skilful weaving of plot of Wilkie Collins! The result was "Three Times Dead," or "The Secret of the Heath," which was later reprinted under the title "The Trail of the Serpent." Two years later, in 1862, she published "Lady Audley's Secret," a work which brought her instant popularity and which is generally quoted as typical of her method. The production of this book was almost accidental. The publisher whom she

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subsequently married, Mr. Maxwell, was on the eve of producing a new magazine, called *Robin Goodfellow*. At the last moment the serial, which was to begin in the first number, and which had been widely advertised, for some reason failed to appear, and Miss Braddon, hearing of the circumstances, went to the publisher and offered to supply the deficiency. Only twenty-four hours remained before a decision must be made, but in that time Miss Braddon turned out the opening chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret," and the magazine duly made its appearance with the first instalment of a new serial. Thereafter, novels flowed from her pen in a steady stream, at the rate of one, often two, a year, with much profit accruing to both publishers and author. In all, the fruit of Miss Braddon's long and active career is represented by nearly seventy novels, two dramas, and a multitude of short stories, essays, sketches, and poems.

BOOKS ON THE WAR.

Theodore Roosevelt's "America and the World War" (Scribner; 75 cents net) develops the double thesis that the United States should have protested against every breach of international law by the belligerents, and that the United States should now look to its own military defence. We cannot for a moment admit the principle that any nation is general custodian and judge of the morals of all the rest. In particular, to assert a right of protest under the Hague treaties of 1907 seems to us equally bad law and bad sense. The treaties are a mere engagement of national action without machinery for enforcement. A policy that would have involved a weekly protest to somebody from our State Department ever since the war began seems to us simply grotesque. We may be grateful indeed that Mr. Roosevelt was not in the Presidential chair to put such a programme into effect. It is surprising that Mr. Roosevelt lodges our right of protest merely in the technicalities of the Hague treaties. A much better basis might be alleged in our undoubted national interest in the principle of the immunity of weak states from attack. We guaranteed a dozen weak states against territorial aggression. We were thus aggrieved in a cardinal article of our national policy by the ruthless violation of Belgium. It is an entirely debatable proposition that our protest would have been justified on the broadest grounds of national policy. Mr. Roosevelt gives to a great and difficult question the narrowest possible turn. In the matter of military preparedness Mr. Roosevelt will undoubtedly find many to support his view, but he pleads his cause with such heat and so little moderation that his words fail to be impressive. In execrable taste and offensive to all fair-minded readers is his openly contemptuous abuse of the President and Administration.

"The World War," by Elbert Francis Baldwin (Macmillan; $1.25 net), is primarily a study in national psychology. Mr. Baldwin, a veteran editorial writer on the *Outlook*, tries to explain the state of mind that in each nation led to the war. Mr. Baldwin brings to his task the experience and the sentiments of a true cosmopolitan. His book gives an impression of fairness and detachment. It is wholesome reading for any one who is inclined to regard any of the belligerents as diabolically inspired. There is a useful diary of events before and during the war. Mr. Baldwin agrees with his former colleague on the *Outlook* in asserting our duty of protest against breaches of international law, and in favoring an international league of peace with a police force at its disposal.

In "Deutschland über Alles, or Germany Speaks" (Putnam; 75 cents net), John J. Chapman has collected into a little book the more violent expressions of the German apologists. The display justifies the comment: "This is not so much a war as it is an outbreak of national fury transfused with the passion of fear. The great neutral public feels that there is in Germany an element of unreason, and instinctively opposes her as one would oppose any mad creature." The documents attest an overweening national vanity and contempt of the opinion of the world. The fury soon becomes monotonous and is singularly lacking in style of any sort. There is much to be said for Mr. Chapman's view that a main cause of the war is bitter and vehement pedantry, a product of universal overwork and over-specialization.

"The Evidence in the Case," by James M. Beck (Putnam), endeavors to fix the responsibility for the war before an Imaginary High Court of Civilization. It is not difficult to gain a verdict against Austria for the originally outrageous ultimatum to Servia, with its impossible conditions of time, and against Germany for blocking every attempt at negotiation until war was inevitable. The book is especially valuable for its searching analysis of the specious rhetoric of the German notes. At no time did Germany frankly admit the possibility of compromise, either between Austria and Servia or Austria and Russia. The conditions of peace as seen in the Wilhelmstrasse were simply the acceptance of the Austrian pretensions *in toto*. Mr. Beck especially emphasizes the absence of any evidence that Germany endeavored at any point to restrain Austria. Perhaps the most novel feature of the analysis is the clear demonstration that all the Russian negotiations attest an honest desire for peace and an indefatigable endeavor to secure it in the face of constant snubs. Mr. Beck rests the case of Belgium not solely on the treaties of neutrality, but on the broadest principles of public right. The special treaties hardly aggravate the concrete offence, but do add a special element of ignominy and treachery to the violation. The book is clear, pungent, and informed by a rather remarkable combination of shrewd good sense and fine idealism.

"Britain's Case Against Germany," by Ramsay Muir (Longmans; $1 net), might profitably be read as an introduction to Mr. Beck's. It shows the diverging tendencies of Britain and Germany from the eighteenth century. It shows the forging of the Prussian dogma of the state as highest and irresponsible entity. It shows cruelty accepted as a cardinal doctrine and necessity of war, it reveals the steady opposition of Germany to all endeavors to broaden or define public right. The war is "a conflict of national ideals, a struggle for all the deepest and highest things for which the best Englishmen have labored in the past; for freedom, for the rights of small nationalities, for international honor, for the possibility of peaceful and friendly relationships between equal and mutually respectful states." A good index is a helpful feature which many similar books lack.

Far the most searching analysis of the preliminaries of the war, and far the best made book externally as well, is T. M. Price's "The Diplomatic History of the War" (Scribner). It includes, besides the relevant treaties, all the published diplomatic correspondence, except the French, the chief Parliamentary addresses, a chronological study of the mobilization of the various nations, and an historical introduction. The most valuable feature is a diary of the negotiations, with clear synopses of the negotiations of each day. It seems certain from this review, first, that an early and unequivocal adherence to Russia by England might have averted the war; next, that the Russian mobilization of July 30 exercised a profoundly perturbing effect in Germany; finally, that Germany and Austria, until the case was hopeless, declined to make the necessary admission that the Balkan imbroglio was a European concern. As to this distributed responsibility, it should be said that Sir Edward Grey was not at liberty to commit England, and that his warnings were sufficient for any chancellery that knew the European situation. Russia's mobilization may be palliated by the fact of similar Austrian preparations and the fact that, her processes being slow, delay was more disadvantageous for her than for the others. It is also certain that Germany put the most sinister interpretation on the move. No such excuse can be found for the startling contention of Germany and Austria that a Balkan question is a particular question. So heterodox a doctrine could have been launched only because the Teutonic allies thought a bluff could be carried through, being willing to accept the alternative of a general war. We cannot agree with Mr. Price when he seems to hint that the *entente* had unfortunately committed England in advance. Supposing the theoretical case that England after Agadir had made a rapprochement with Germany, that would not in the least have changed Germany's attitude towards the Servian matter. Indeed, it might have encouraged Germany still further as against Russia, while it would have rendered infinitely more difficult the final decision which both national honor and interest equally must have dictated to England. For its lucidity, orderliness, and objectivity Mr. Price's book deserves all praise. It should find a place in the library of every scholar-publicist.

If Col. H. Frobenius's "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny" (McBride; $1 net) had not been published just before the war and praised by the Crown Prince, nobody would deem it worthy of translation. As a document of morbid national psychology it has a certain value. Wars grow out of minds that believe them inevitable and imminent. Col. Frobenius, in prophesying general war by the spring of 1915, was, considering the state of mind of the German military caste, prophesying pretty nearly on a certainty. The minor observations are of the cheaper order. Col. Frobenius entertained the delusion of a perfidious Albion that would attack the German fleet in its own interest, but strain its utmost to spare the German army as an eventual offset against France and Russia. There is much that is equally sapient in a rather negligible book which still has the merit of pretty definitely forecasting the unwieldy war of the trenches and the consequent deadlock.

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Science

THE STORY OF AN ARMY SURGEON.

Personal Memoirs of John H. Brinton, Major and Surgeon, U. S. V., 1861-1865. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. $2 net.

Based upon family letters and official documents; supplemented by an accurate memory of significant events observed with a trained vision; written primarily for his children in a simple and charming style, these memoirs appeal to all interested in the Civil War. We can endorse the remark of the author's intimate friend, the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the preface to this volume:

> Soldiers from private to commander-in-chief have related their personal stories of the great war, but the physicians who served have nowhere as adequately told their side of unrewarded peril and service as is done in the notable record of which I am privileged to say these introductory words.

Specific comment must be confined to four topics of general interest of which our author writes from personal knowledge, intimate, rare, perhaps unique:

First: The alleged drinking-habit of Gen. Grant during the first year of the war. Whatever may have been the case earlier or later, Dr. Brinton declares repeatedly and emphatically that—excepting the contents of his own pocket-flask (which he was forbidden to administer unless in emergency)—liquor was excluded from Grant's headquarters by his own orders, seconded by Rawlins, the chief of staff (pp. 131, 137).

Secondly: The ascription of deserved credit to Surgeon-General William A. Hammond for the inception of the Army Medical Museum and the Medical and Surgical History of the War. On both of these, interrupted by frequent calls to the battlefield, Dr. Brinton labored loyally and effectively until relieved by Hammond's successor. Yet the volumes published under the direction of later heads of the Medical Department contain only perfunctory records of the pioneer work of Hammond and Brinton; they are not even named in an address, "The Army Medical Staff," delivered by a member of that staff in Boston, February, 1865.

Thirdly: Surgeon-General Hammond's freedom from any wrongdoing (pp. 171, 256, 342):

> He was impulsive . . . not always wise or prudent; his ways of doing things were not always judicious; but he sought to make the medical department of our army efficient, and to render it capable of caring for the sick and wounded, and that, too, in no niggardly or tardy spirit; . . . he simply could not get along with the Secretary of War [Stanton], and, so to speak, ran his head against the wall. . . . Court-Martials sound well, but often do injustice, especially if packed, or when desirous of finding in accordance with higher authority. . . . The finding was foregone. But the disabilities of the sentence were years afterward annulled by act of Congress, and Gen. Hammond restored to the army, and placed on the retired list as Brigadier-Surgeon-General, retired.

No compensation, past or present, was involved; he and his friends asked only that justice should be done.

Fourthly: The regrettable responsibility of Secretary Stanton for the displacement of Surgeon-General Hammond, and for the abandonment of the latter's project for an Army Medical School:

> This was intended to teach physicians from civil life how soldiers should be looked after in health, on marches, in camp; how they should be treated when sick or wounded, how cared for in hospitals or in the field, and how properly transported . . . all which knowledge was usually obtained only by actual service and by bungling experience.

To the organization of this school, in quarters already provided, Dr. Brinton devoted much thought and time, and its interdiction constituted "one of the great disappointments of his life" (p. 257). It is pleasant to record (not from this volume, but from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for March 28, 1907) that the Army Medical School was regularly established in 1893, and that, on March 13, 1906, just a year before his death, Dr. Brinton delivered the address at the closing exercises.

Notwithstanding the arbitrary and unwise action of Secretary Stanton in the two matters just mentioned, Dr. Brinton concedes to him laudable motives in a paragraph (p. 310) which throws light also upon the severance of his own connection with the Army Medical Museum and the Surgical History of the War:

> He was, in my opinion, an honest man and patriotic, but very strong in his own convictions. Believing himself to be right, he regarded all those who differed in opinion from him as wrong thinkers and wrongdoers, criminals, in fact, and that it was his duty as Secretary of War to punish them, when he conveniently could. Now I not only was a friend of Hammond's, but a blood-relative of Gen. McClellan [his middle name was Brinton] who . . . was, in the eyes of Mr. Stanton, little less wicked than the Arch Fiend himself.

The matters presented above were much discussed at the time in medical, military, and Congressional circles, but they are not even mentioned in the most extended biography of the great war Secretary.

The volume is of convenient size, and—excepting in the index—the type is large and clear. There are occasional inconsistencies (*e. g.*, pp. 6 and 149), and infelicities of expression (*e. g.*, pp. 32, 191, 258, and 326). The editing and proofreading have been carelessly done. There are at least thirty errors, typographic or other, *e. g.*, "Jestures" (p. 19); "active" for "actual" (p. 192); "complicated" for "confiscated" (p. 193); "scloperticum" for "sclopeticum" (p. 249); in the phrase, "*in partibus oripedium*" (p. 255) the last word appears unintelligible.

Respecting the shortcomings of the index, it is not easy to speak in moderate terms. Being dead, the author, of course, must be absolved. Could he have foreseen its omissions, its errors, and its misstatements, he might have preferred that it be left out altogether, as with some other volumes from the same publishers. The print is so small as to render consultation painful. The author's name is not included, perhaps because the entries under it would have been too numerous. At least a score of personal names are missing. Under "Barnes," "Grant," "Halleck," "Hammond," and "Stanton" there are from two to fifteen references each; the reader would infer that these indicated all the more important passages, and would thus be seriously misled, for under each of those names there should be two or more references to significant statements. These defects should be eliminated in the second edition, which the merits of the volume as a whole will demand.

Drama

THE YOUNGER IBSEN.

Robert Frank. By Sigurd Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Marcia Hargis Janson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen's claim to literary recognition is not based on the mere fact that he is his father's son and Björnson's son-in-law. He has long been favorably known at home, and of late to American readers, as an essayist. "Human Quintessence," one of his collections of essays, appeared two years ago in an English version. In these works he has been the interpreter of many recent movements in political and social life, and he has also been attracted by the enigma of character, particularly that of the man of power—the genius. In one of his collections of essays, "Men and Powers" ("Maend og Magter"), he writes about such men as Bismarck, Gladstone, Crispi, and Jay Gould. It is not strange that a son of Henrik Ibsen, with such interests, should wish to present his problems in the form of a drama. This is what he has done in the three-act tragedy, "Robert Frank."

The theme of this play is usually said to be the Syndicalist movement. Such a statement is misleading. To be sure, much of the material in the drama concerns a huge general strike declared by the Syndicalists under their fiery leader, Levinski; but this political event is only the author's means of displaying and testing the character of Robert Frank. The tragedy is preëminently that of the man as an individual. Dr. Ibsen begins an essay, "Of Great Men," in "Human Quintessence," with the quotation: "In the great personality there always remains a mysterious remnant which puts all psychological formulæ to shame." This, in a sense, is the theme of the play, which the career of the hero illustrates.

Robert Frank, the Prime Minister, is in-

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terested in passing a bill requiring all employers in the nation to give their employees a share in the profits of their business, not because he is filled with feelings of benevolent democracy, but because he desires vehemently to establish permanent industrial peace and stability. Before he can enact this measure, however, a general strike is threatened, and he is compelled to dismiss Parliament. At this time he meets the niece of the American Ambassador, Julia Cameron, a special correspondent of certain American newspapers. He immediately recognizes her as his soul's mate, and begins to talk forthwith of having met her "in another existence for which we cannot account." To her he explains his ideas and the secret of his personality. He is essentially an aristocrat who believes in the superlative value of the élite. Like many a hero of Henrik Ibsen, he is striving only to act "in perfect harmony with the voice of his inner self." He has no scruples, therefore, about arresting Levinski and other leaders of the strike when they come to his office to protest against his tyrannous methods of crushing the uprising. The arrest of these men, as he wishes, precipitates a reign of terror. In this civil war he completely overpowers the proletariat with the army. This result he has foreseen, and deemed a necessary preliminary to the establishment of industrial peace. Then he has all of the arrested leaders executed, except Levinski. He saves him and lets him go, in spite of the fact that the logic of events demanded his death, because, as he explains to Julia, he is jealous of him. He feared that if he allowed Levinski to become a martyr for the cause, the memory of the fellow in heroic stature would haunt her imagination.

This misplaced clemency is the tragic flaw in his character. In extending it he has violated the logic of things and wilfully disturbed the harmony of his inner life. Although, after the subsidence of the revolution, Frank's Ministry is overthrown, and he is execrated—although he becomes, in fact, another Enemy of the People—this political failure does not disturb him. He is troubled solely about the disruption of his character. The author, too, would have his readers feel that this is Frank's real failure. At any rate, it causes his death.

Levinski's reputation with his comrades has been ruined by the pardon he has received. He naturally looks upon Frank's clemency as a particularly diabolical punishment—an opinion in which he is thoroughly confirmed by the statesman's refusal to explain the reason for it. He, therefore, shoots Robert Frank dead before the eyes of Julia.

The subject of the play is good. It is not a mere sociological discussion. The issues are naturally tragic, and much of the last act, at least, is essentially dramatic. But Dr. Ibsen is not a born playwright. He has little skill in making situations convincing or in making dramatic action pointed and illustrative. His characters talk much, but do not live at all. For these reasons, doubtless, the play was not a dramatic success at Christiania when it was performed there. It offers food for thought and material for discussion, but little opportunity for the actor. All these facts confirm the reader in Dr. Ibsen's early judgment, which realized that the essay and not the drama was the proper literary medium for his reflective mind.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

Mlle. Anna Pavlowa and her company commenced a month's engagement at the Century Opera House last week, bringing, among other novelties, a ballet, "Raymonda," not heretofore presented outside of Russia. Mlle. Pavlowa's appearances are always intriguing in that they leave certainly the majority of critics in this country (including the present one) deprived of their critical apparatus. It is easy and obvious to say that the "poetry of motion" is raised by Pavlowa and the ladies and gentlemen of her organization to a higher power than has been seen, at any rate, by this generation. Not Genee herself in her prime was so æsthetically gratifying as is Pavlowa, and in this respect the Russian ballet as a whole is superior to anything that has come from Paris or London or Milan.

But criticism demands an analysis of the ballet that goes further than a mere record of sense-impressions, and at this point it must be confessed that criticism in America, and indeed probably anywhere outside of Russia, is condemned for the present to be more or less unintelligent. The point is that the ballet, even more than certain types of drama, would seem to require a trained audience as well as trained performers. Is it possible for an audience, with no more assistance than is provided by the list of characters and scenes on the programme, to follow the story told by the mimetic movements of the performers? Audiences accustomed to the ballet, "brought up," as it were, to the art of mimetics, are able, doubtless, to adopt a standard of criticism exactly parallel to that which is employed for the drama, and based, first, upon the intelligence and clarity with which the story is unfolded, and secondly, upon the grace and technical excellence of the performers. For the present we, in America, must rely for the first upon the assistance of a synopsis of the action. With the aid of this it is interesting to note how accurately the various movements of "Raymonda" and of the other ballets in Pavlowa's répertoire reproduce the action of the plot and the moods of the characters. For this reason we would suggest that short synopses of the ballets be printed on the regular programme (as is frequently done in Parisian theatres, even in the case of plays), instead of being reserved for a special book at a special price. This elementary assistance would do a great deal to foster in American audiences an intelligent understanding of the art of the ballet.

The second part of Mlle. Pavlowa's entertainment consists, as usual, of divertissements, among which may be mentioned as particularly pleasing the Dragon Fly, by Mlle Pavlowa; the Hebrew Dance, by Mlle. Pavlowa and M. Volonine (an exceedingly clever interpretation in which the use of the hands is especially noteworthy), and the beautiful Danse Grecque, by six ladies of the company.

S. W.

Music

A GREAT IRISH COMPOSER.

Pages from an Unwritten Diary. By Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford is the most scholarly of the creative musicians Ireland has given to the world. As professor of music at the Royal College of Music in London, and subsequently at Cambridge University; as conductor of choral and orchestral associations; as composer of five symphonies, several operas, and many beautiful songs, he has won for himself a distinguished place in the history of contemporary music. But while scholarly, he is no more pedantic or dry than his countryman, Arthur Sullivan, whose operettas hardly exceeded the popularity of some of Stanford's Irish songs. Many of these songs have a national as well as an individual significance. They are genuinely Irish, preserving the musical idiom of their country conscientiously, which was not the case with the tunes adopted by Thomas Moore, who, aided and abetted by Sir John Stevenson, never hesitated to destroy the modal scales which give to the real Irish tunes their fine old flavor. To Sir Charles it is "almost a tragedy" that Ireland to this day is so loyal to her best-known poet that she is still, under official sanction, teaching her young children to sing the wrong and wholly un-Irish scales which he and his collaborator steretotyped. Not only in his songs, but in his "Shamus O'Brien," one of the most delectable operas ever written, Stanford has shown what entrancing use can be made of the Irish modal scales. A revival of that opera would be timely now when so great an interest is being shown in wholetone scales, Oriental intervals, and other forms of exotic coloring.

Of old Dublin, "a city of glaring contrasts," in which Stanford was born in 1852, he gives some vivid glimpses. Musically, it offered little besides some traditions of Handel. Even Balfe and Wallace had to make their operatic careers elsewhere. It was in Germany, during his student days, and subsequently in England, that Sir Charles came into contact with a number of musicians and other celebrities, glimpses of whose personalities and doings constitute the most attractive pages in his gossipy autobiography. He has a good deal to say of Sir George Grove, editor of the monumental "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," who did so much, in many ways, to raise the niveau of musical appreciation in England. He lacked one thing: faith in the creative work of his own country. "A half-century of barren mediocrity had accustomed him to look abroad for anything and everything. The occasional oases which he sighted only made the desert seem more arid"; and when the promised land came in sight he mistook it for a mirage. His services to musical education were invaluable, but the weak point of such education in England was that it

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stopped short where it was most needed. Forty years ago there were no schools of composition in that country. The only really valuable scholarship for musicians was the travelling one which had been founded by Jenny Lind and others in memory of Mendelssohn. Subsequently, the aids to education multiplied to an excessive extent. "When England woke up to her deficiencies and opened her purse, she spent the contents upon education and forgot to insure the career."

To prepare for such a career Stanford went to Leipzig and then to Berlin, which, in 1874, was just beginning to rise as a musical centre. Joachim, as director of the Hochschule für Musik, had gathered round him a strong body of professors. Stanford looked on him as the greatest artist of his time and enjoyed his friendship during forty-five years. He did not, however, share the great violinist's abhorrence of Wagner and Liszt, but courageously projected and carried out a pilgrimage to Bayreuth in 1876, although Professor Macfarren, of Cambridge, loudly and roundly rated him for his folly in submitting to such an ordeal. Of this festival the writer has many interesting things to relate. The weak spot of the Nibelung dramas he considered to be their excessive length, which he attributes to the fact that Wagner, being the librettist as well as the composer, had no one to check his propensity to dwell too long on this or that situation. This fault was actually exaggerated after Wagner's death, when what became generally known as the Bayreuth tempo was adopted. That this was contrary to real tradition Stanford points out in this interesting passage:

> The composer did not permit his conductor to exaggerate slowness of pace. This was especially noticeable when Levi directed "Parsifal" in 1883 (the year of the composer's death). Dannreuther, who stayed at "Wahnfried" for the rehearsals in 1882, told me that Wagner frequently called out from the stalls, "Schneller! Schneller! Die Leute werden sich langweilen" (Quicker, quicker, the people will be bored). With the advent of Mottl, every movement became slower and slower. His playing of the Prelude was, by my watch, five minutes slower than Levi's. The Ring suffered in the same way, unless Richter was at the helm. The disease of exaggerated adagios spread to an alarming extent, and Mottl's fad became a cult.

Concerning Liszt, Sir Charles has many interesting anecdotes to relate; also, of Berlioz, Jenny Lind, Gounod, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, and other prominent musicians. Of the poets he knew Tennyson and Browning well. Browning talked a great deal about music, but knew little about it: "I remember remarking *sotto voce* to my neighbor that his arguments explained to me that the true reason of the obscurity of many references to music in his poems was the superficiality and exiguity of his technical knowledge." Of Sir Henry Irving's liberality he gives a characteristic instance. Tennyson had expressed the desire that Stanford should compose the music for his "Becket" when Irving undertook to stage it. Stanford was eager to do it for the pleasure and honor of the thing, but Irving's secretary insisted on his taking two hundred pounds, and Irving insisted on making it three hundred—and guineas to boot.

HENRY T. FINCK.

One of the leading German critics, Dr. Rudolf Luis, died not long ago in Munich, aged only forty. He was the author of a Bruckner biography and, with the composer Thuille, of a new treatise on harmony.

Richard Strauss is reported by the Berlin *Boersen Zeitung* to be at work on a new opera, the title and subject of which are not yet divulged, except that the scene, like that of the "Rosenkavalier," is placed in Vienna of the past. The librettist again is Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

Art

THE ACADEMY IN WAR-TIME.

LONDON, January 15.

Of late years the Winter Exhibition seems to have become something of a problem for the Royal Academy. That it should be devoted to old masters ceased to be accepted as a matter of course, but a substitute for old masters did not always prove easy to find. This year, the war solves the problem. Nobody has time to be interested in art, everybody who stays at home is absorbed in charity, and so charity has given to Academicians a reason for opening a show in January as usual. Old masterpieces are replaced by modern work which can be sold, if any buyers of pictures remain in the country, and the proceeds, divided into three portions, are to be shared equally by the artists, the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Societies, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

While, no doubt, the Academy is to be applauded for its benevolence, the real interest of the exhibition is in the new departure it marks in Academic policy. For the Academy has called to its aid all the principal societies of the country: the two other Academies—Hibernian and Scottish; the royal bodies—the Old Water Color, the Institute, the British Artists, the Painter-Etchers; the outsiders who were of old the enemy—the International, even the very youthful Senefelder Club.

Already one effect of the new departure is evident in the hanging and arrangement of the galleries. In the water-color and the black-and-white rooms, the walls present the old hodge-podge of crowded frames. In the other rooms, however, there is no mistaking the trail of the serpent: everywhere a suggestion of the International as it is seen to-day in the new Grosvenor Gallery; the pictures in a single line except here and there in the case of the smaller canvases which are hung one above the other; bronzes scattered about in the galleries of paintings; elaborate console tables from Bond or Oxford Street dealers placed at intervals against the walls, and on them shallow bowls in which anemones float on the surface of the water. Even the price of admission has been changed, doubled in the cause of charity, and altogether this new Winter Exhibition is as astonishing as the daily spectacle of middle-aged men in white sweaters drilling solemnly in the Academic courtyard.

When it comes to the work itself, the innovation is as startling. Prominent places are given to men who, to my knowledge, have never exhibited in the Academy, or certainly not for many years—Wilson Steer, Charles Ricketts, Theodore Roussel, Simon Bussy, Joseph Pennell, for example. It is also startling to find the president, Sir Edward J. Poynter, in his correct presidential centre, faced by C. H. Shannon, where of old Tadema was almost sure to hang. And Frank Dicksee looks across at Philip Connard. Walter Crane is a near neighbor of Marcus Stone. Frank Short and his followers from South Kensington find themselves in the unwonted company of the vigorous and daring members of the Senefelder Club—there is no end to the unexpected that awaits one at every turn.

And yet, curiously enough, the effect of the Exhibition as a whole is that of a British Artists' or an Institute show to which Academicians and the men of the New English Art Club or the International have amiably contributed, though careful to send neither their newest nor their most important work. This means that the Exhibition is of mediocre quality and small interest. Many paintings and drawings and prints have been already seen and criticised on other occasions. Now and then, one that has not been seen attracts the eye, as, for instance, Sargent's brilliant impression of The Rialto, or the work of any one of the few exhibitors who have already found, or sought, inspiration in the war and the new conditions brought about by war.

As this is not a moment when many people are having their portraits painted, Lavery has had time to look more closely at London and to see some of the strange and picturesque sights now to be seen there, and to record at least one for the benefit of the Academy's charities: The Green Park, December, 1914, a small landscape, with the soldiers and horses and tents that have taken possession of a part of that park near Piccadilly, all in the misty atmosphere and sad gray light of the London winter. Pennell, on his side, has seen the beauty of the great searchlights that sweep the Thames and the town as one watches them from the riverside near Charing Cross, and put it down in the black-and-white of lithography. In both these cases the artist has had to do with facts, but facts of artistic as well as historic or military value.

Others who have dealt with fancy are less successful. Richard Jack has given the title Whither to a rather large group of presumably Belgian refugees on the road, probably as he imagines them, but more probably not

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as they would recognize themselves, theatrical in conception, murky in color. George Lambert has been no less misled by his imagination in The Hospital, undecided as he is between a realistic study of a half-naked wounded soldier starting up from his bed and his own idea, apparently, of that soldier's delirium expressed in the figures of two women, loosely draped, who float and sway across the small canvas, sadly overcrowding it and breaking in rudely upon the design. Nor has Walter Sickert discovered much of anything in The Integrity of Belgium, except indifferent drawing and a bid for notoriety. Throughout the ages, from the time of Uccello, the great painters of battles and the horrors born of battles have been few.

But it is Walter Sickert, again with a war theme and with a far larger canvas, who receives a conspicuous centre in the present show of the New English Art Club in Suffolk Street. His Soldiers of King Albert the Ready is to be sold for the benefit of the Belgian Fund, but charity, though it may use art as a crutch, can never prove a substitute for art, and the group of soldiers and guns is no better than a piece out of an average French military painter's big *machine* in the Salon. The chief interest in this exhibition is remote from war and benevolent funds, almost as remote as Italian Pre-Raphaelitism. For by far the most striking canvas is William Orpen's A Western Wedding, which looks to me as if it could not be what it is had not the painter come to it fresh from close and intimate study of Piero della Francesca. The hilly landscape in the distance, with the careful pattern of the low-walled fields, the curiously detached figures in the out-of-door ceremony, and more especially the bridal party below the great tall crucifix, the accurate realism in the separate details, the close observation of Nature, the touch of primitiveness in the manner of expressing it—all recall the Italian master. But technical limitations that with Piero della Francesca were genuine, against which he strove but which he could not altogether overcome for all his passionate interest in Nature and as passionate desire to record her most subtle effects, become just a trifle artificial in a highly trained and accomplished painter of to-day like Orpen; and one cannot help feeling that he has refrained from enveloping his landscape and figures in atmosphere and bathing them in light, not because of his own limitations, but because of his admiration of the master who was a pioneer of realism and impressionism in his own generation. The result is striking, amusing; it shows the extreme cleverness of the modern painter, but it is a reflection rather than a creation of great art. Even as I write this criticism, however, I wonder if I am not wrong, for the painting makes a more direct appeal as painting, is both more effective and decorative than the two immensely able and true notes of atmosphere and sunlight. Orpen also shows notes in a studio where artist and model in one are at work, in the other resting, while around them and over them the light plays in a dazzling network of sunshine and shadow. Among the water-colors are two studies for the principal groups in the large painting, and there is no question that no other work in the collection compares with Orpen's in interest.

Wilson Steer, whose straying, now into the Academy or, for that matter, at any time from his own Society's exhibitions, is the rare exception, has a pale, weak, faraway re-echo of Whistler in his Fishing Boats at Anchor. Connard, Russell, John, other props and mainstays of the Club, have nothing at all. The landscapes vary from Mark Fisher's brilliant pastures to Lucien Pissarro's bright, gay impressions put down with a technique that is his legitimate inheritance from the French Impressionists, and Von Glehn's versions of a sunlit world in which it is not easy to forget Sargent. The Club reveals more than ever an unmistakable tendency to admit the younger men's experiments in what is now loosely included under the term Post-Impressionism, as if the members thought it best to be on the safe side of whatever comes, or does not come, out of recent movements. It has more than once of late years been rebuked for getting into a groove when its object at the start was to get out of all grooves, and it answers this reproach by extending its hospitality to the younger generation with whom its older members, who were the younger generation a quarter of a century ago, have little in common.

The exhibition is otherwise not remarkable. The black-and-white has become commonplace, when not pretentious, though at one time it was as important as the place devoted to it on New English walls. Muirhead Bone is well represented as far as numbers go, but not when it comes to the quality of his work. He has chosen a subject full of possibilities in his drawing of Night in Piccadilly, just where new improvements have left a great gap by the Savile Club, but, though the architectural features may be exact, the London night in his interpretation has lost the tender beauty and strange mystery it has at all times, and more especially now in its new darkness. Studies on a small scale are shown by Mrs. Sargant Florence for her mural decorations, but they have not the dignity, the sense of spaciousness of the big cartoons she has before now exhibited, if I remember, in this same gallery.

War rules as entirely as at the Academy over other shows that have had the courage to open. The usually conservative Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors announces admission free, and proposes the eventual sale of the exhibited drawings at Christie's, when all the proceeds will go to the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance. At the Leicester Galleries, William Strang gives evidence of the industry that no one doubts in a series of about twenty paintings of war subjects. As might be expected in a series produced in so short a time, they bear signs of the haste with which they have been conceived and executed. In one, a figure of war, in red draperies with black wings, suggests that allegory was his intention. In another, a group of soldiers, in French uniforms, with cannon emitting flame and smoke, suggests a record of fact—fact, however, that would amaze the soldiers themselves could they see how, at their grim, arduous work, their white shirts and spats still remain immaculate. In almost all, the design seems to fall between these two stools of realism and allegory. A few might have answered as cartoons for the illustrated papers, the crudeness of the painting modified by reduction and reproduction; as it is, they hardly call for the dignity of exhibition apart. A portrait of Lord Fisher probably dates back to "before the war" days, but, with its coarse flesh tints and modelling, it has not the distinction that might relieve the undistinguished average of the series. The painter who goes to the front will have a very different story to tell, and a very different way of telling it—that is, if it is in his power to tell it at all. In the same gallery, but in another room, are the black-and-white cartoons, War Satires, by Will Dyson, in which at least treatment and medium are more appropriate. It can be understood that, just as few shows can open without their tribute to the war, so few artists who work can escape its shadow. But the artist who will immortalize it on canvas or kill it by satire has still to appear.

N. N.

"Art," by Clive Bell (Stokes; $1.25 net), is an attempt at a general æsthetic, but conducted with a vivacity, not to say flippancy, somewhat rare in this sort of writing. Art, for Mr. Bell, is, in all simplicity, the creation of "significant form." When we ask, Significant to whom? the answer seems to be, "Significant to a good artist or a competent critic." Possibly most æsthetic discussion lands us about here. It is enlightening, however, that Mr. Bell regards Matisse's form as highly significant. Indeed, the book is very much an apology for the new impulsivism. In his view of the artist, Mr. Bell wavers. At times he seems to regard him as a detached romantic superman. Elsewhere he advocates something like a democratization of art through general endeavors in arts and crafts. The argument is always amusing, if not very satisfying. The style is highly seasoned for a sedate taste. A final impression is that whatever significant form may be, it should look odd and repellent and insignificant to the Philistine. For example, the most significant form since Athens is the Byzantine. That it looked in any way odd to the Philistines who paid for it, remains to be proved.

We have received the vellum bound and handsomely printed catalogue, "Die Bronzen der Sammlung Loeb," hsg. v. Johannes Sieveking, München, 1913. This privately printed work describes and reproduces in photogravure some fifty bronzes of classic date owned by Mr. James Loeb at Munich. Besides statuettes, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman, there are tripods, vases, cistæ, and a votive helm. It is interesting to run over the excellent plates surmising on the one hand the monumental originals that often underlie these tiny figures, and on the other realizing the influence that such exquisite portable objects exercised on the

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sculptors of the Renaissance. For example, a pathetic bust of Paris, plate 23, is precisely the type of Hellenism that guided the Pisani, while the lovely figure of a dancing Lar, plate 16, might have given the whole impulse for the so-called Michelozzo angels at Milan. Other pieces of extraordinary merit are an archaic Etruscan bronze, Ionic in type, of a draped winged woman, plate 4; an archaic goat, plate 10; a tiger-head water lead, plate 33; and a mirror with a repoussé griffin, plate 39. Dr. Sieveking's text is learned in substance and sympathetic in tone. The catalogue is in every way a welcome auxiliary to the studies both of archæologists and amateurs.

Finance

GERMANY AND THE MARKETS.

When Germany's "war zone" proclamation was published, on Friday of last week, prices on the Stock Exchange broke sharply. The fact had this much of special interest, that it marked almost the first occasion when prices were directly affected by anything in the war news. During the four months in which the Stock Exchange was closed, it was a frequent remark that we had lost the most useful day-to-day interpreter of the significance of military events. Quite possibly, the market would have performed that service, had it been open during the Belgian battles, the march to the Marne, and the subsequent retreat. The rise or fall in the two important markets which then were open—foreign exchange and wheat—was certainly influenced, in considerable measure, by the news from those battlefields.

But the Stock Exchange itself, ever since its reopening on December 12, has seemed oblivious to the shifting war news. The underlying fact of the enormous struggle doubtless had its influence all along. But prices neither advanced nor declined, in direct response even to such overnight news as the naval engagements, the Russian victories in Poland, the successful countermovement by the Germans, the incursion of the Austrians into Servia, and their rout by the Servians. So far at least as our own Stock Exchange was concerned, its attention seemed to be converged exclusively on developments in our own finance and commerce. A large "export balance" in a monthly trade report, a new high price for wheat, a break or recovery in foreign exchange, was clearly a far more effective influence than the war news.

The decline which greeted the German proclamation was only temporary, but it aroused discussion. Wall Street, like the rest of this country, regarded from three different points of view the Berlin Admiralty's threat to use its submarines, not only to sink British merchant ships but to sink passengers and crew as well, and its further intimation that neutral ships, entering the waters around England and Ireland, would run the risk of being similarly treated. The point of view of humanity and civilization stands by itself. That of commercial consequences was rendered less important by the news that Anglo-American steamship lines would not take the warning seriously. The third consideration—that of possible international complications—caused some sober thought in the financial community.

History never repeats itself exactly; therefore, the analogy of this "war zone" proclamation with Napoleon's "paper blockade" of the British Islands in 1806, is not exact. Napoleon's proclamation, that neutral vessels trading at English ports or carrying English goods would be seized, was an empty threat, because the British fleet controlled the seas. One American ship which ran ashore on France, was duly captured; that was all. The trouble came, first through exclusion, from the Continental ports in Napoleon's hands, of West Indian merchandise carried on American ships, and next through the arbitrary reprisals and proclamations by Great Britain.

The English Government's attitude towards the United States is vastly different, and for many reasons, in 1915 from what it was in 1806. Even when we did go to war with England, six years after the last-named date, it had been the toss of a penny whether our quarrel would lie against England or against France. No one in Wall Street looked last week for war with anybody. What was asked, with absorbing interest, was the question, just what actual stage or situation in the war itself was indicated by the "war zone" proclamation?

To observers in the financial markets, the incident drew attention again to aspects of Germany's position, which must have served to embitter her attitude towards her enemies in this war. The German Government's taking-over of all the Empire's food supplies, for distribution to consumers under public supervision, is one very significant recent event. The action of the foreign exchanges is another. Notwithstanding very substantial sales of American securities here, apparently for German account, Berlin exchange at New York has remained at a wholly abnormal discount. Wall Street bankers considered 94 as the rate at which New York would normally be importing German gold. The rate fell in November to 85⅝. This week, it touched that rate again. Exchange on other markets than our own has run against Berlin in similar measure. The situation was summed up by a Berlin financial correspondent, some weeks ago, in the remark that "exchange on nearly all neutral countries has risen to an unparalleled height."

Two theories have been advanced regarding this status of exchange. One is that the war and the moratorium in other markets have prevented Germany from collecting foreign credits, thus swinging against her the international balance, which could not safely be readjusted by gold exports. Therefore, one writer at Berlin contends, although on their face the exchange rates might seem to mean a 5 to 12 per cent. depreciation in German paper currency (other estimates have run much higher), they actually mean no such thing.

The other theory is that the rates embody a disguised premium on gold. At the Reichsbank, gold redemption of the currency was suspended when the war broke out and when the large emergency currency issues were begun. For a time, an actual premium seems to have been bid on gold. This was forbidden by the German Parliament. But under such circumstances, the foreign exchanges always will adjust themselves to the actual conditions, and they therefore reflect a virtual gold premium.

Which theory is correct? Is the German currency depreciated, or not? Precisely the same question arose regarding the English currency, and the foreign exchanges on London, during 1809. The Bank of England had suspended gold payments when the war began, and exchange on Hamburg and Amsterdam had fallen 16 to 20 per cent. below par. A committee of Parliament investigated the situation. The testimony of the experts varied. One view was expressed by an eminent banker, who held that the abnormally unfavorable exchange was wholly due to an adverse balance of trade, along with difficulty of making foreign collections. The opposite conclusion was set forth by an important foreign merchant, who ascribed the first depreciation of exchange to Napoleon's Berlin decree, proclaiming blockade of England's Continental trade, but the absence of recovery in rates "to the circumstance of the paper of England not being exchangeable for cash." The committee, in its celebrated "Bullion Report," sustained the second explanation, which assumed depreciation of the currency, and subsequent economic judgment has concurred.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Artzibashef, M. Sanine. Huebsch. $1.35 net.
Castle, A. and E. The Haunted Heart. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Fitch, G. Homeburg Memories. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
McGrath, H. The Voice in the Fog. Bobbs-Merrill. 75 cents net.
Maniates, B. K. Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Nyburg, S. L. The Final Verdict. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Poole, E. The Harbor. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Tarkington, B. The Turmoil. Harper. $1.35 net.
Thurstan, F. The Romances of Amosis Ra. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Tyler, T. The Dusty Road. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Vance, L. J. Sheep's Clothing. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Walpole, Hugh. The Duchess of Wrex. Fortitude. Doran. $1.40 net each.
Walpole, Hugh. The Prelude to Adventure. Maradick at Forty. The Wooden Horse. The Gods and Mr. Perrin. Doran. $1.25 net each.
Widdemer, M. The Rose Garden Husband. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bronner, A. F. A Comparative Study of the Intelligence of Delinquent Girls. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1 net.

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Chapman, J. C. Individual Differences in Ability and Improvements and their Correlations. Teachers College, Columbia University. 75 cents net.
Chatterton, E. K. The Old East Indiamen. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3 net.
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. 1907-1911. Part X. Pittsburgh Carnegie Library.
Hawkes, E. W. The Dance Festivals of the Alaskan Eskimo. Vol. VI. No. 2. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania University Museum.
Lefevre, A. The Organization and Administration of a State's Institutions of Higher Education. Austin, Texas: Von Boeckmann-Jones Co.
Peterson, W. Canadian Essays and Addresses. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Rowland, C. The Spirit of the West: A Dream of 1915. San Francisco: The Grimmett Co.
Mawson, Sir Douglas. The Home of the Blizzard. Vols I and II. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $9 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Variso, B. Know Yourself. Translated by G. Salvadori. Macmillan.
Prothero, R. E. The Psalms in Human Life. Dutton. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Babcock, Kendric C. The Scandinavian Element in the United States. Vol. III. No. 3. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. $1.15 net.
Bellet, D. Origines de la Guerre de 1914. Paris, France: Librairie Plon.
Chiera, Edw. Legal and Administrative Documents from Nippur. Vol. VIII. No. 1. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania University Museum.
Cole, W. M. Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation. Revised and enlarged. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25 net.
Eldridge, S. Problems of Community Life. Crowell. $1 net.
Haig, R. M. History of the General Property Tax in Illinois. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois.
Hutchinson, Lincoln. The Panama Canal and International Trade Competition. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Life Insurance. Property Insurance. Edited by Zartman, L. W. Revised by Price, W. H. Yale University Press. $2.25 net each.
Lockwood, J. H. The Creation of Wealth. Cincinnati, Ohio: Standard Publishing Co. $1 net.
Somarn, Dr. Felix. Bankpolitik. Tübingen, Germany: Paul Siebeck.
Suffern, A. E. Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Walker, G. L. Capital. Boston: Dukelow & Walker Co.
Watkins, G. Welfare as an Economic Quantity. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Alexinsky, G. Modern Russia. Scribner.
Bédier, J. Les crimes allemands. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Chesterton, Cecil. The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. $1 net. L. J. Gomme.
Denis, E. D. et E. Qui a voulu la guerre? Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Moorehead, W. K. The American Indian in the United States. Andover, Mass: The Andover Press.
Mort, F. The British Isles. Cambridge University Press. Putnam.
Shaw, S. The Kaiser. 1859-1914. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
Smith, R. The Life of Cervantes. Dutton. $1 net.
Thomson, N. Colombia and the United States. London: N. Thomson & Company. 1s. net.
Weiss, A. La violation de la neutralité belge et luxembourgeoise par l' Allemagne. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.

POETRY.

Chapman, J. J. Homeric Scenes. L. J. Gomme. 60 cents net.
Davis, F. S. Crack o' Dawn. Macmillan. $1 net.
Klingle, G. A Page of Dreams. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Mackellar, D. The Witchmaid and Other Verses. Dutton. $1 net.
Osbourne, R. The Conquest and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.
The Small Hymn-Book. Edited by R. Bridges. Oxford: R. H. Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Davidson, P. E. The Recapitulation Theory and Human Infancy. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1 net.
Hindle, Edw. Flies in Relation to Disease. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Hollingworth, L. S. Functional Periodicity. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1 net.
Iddings, J. P. The Problem of Volcanism. Yale University Press. $5 net.
Moore, J. H. The Law of Biogenesis. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents net.
Pitman, I. Business Correspondence in Shorthand. Nos. 5 and 6 combined. Pitman. 60 cents net.
Rice, W. N., and Others. Problems of American Geology. Dana Commemorative Lectures. Yale University Press. $4 net.
Unwin, E. E. Pond Problems. Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Andreyeff, L. Plays. Scribner.
Wade, Mary Hazelton. George Washington. Boston: Badger. 60 cents net.

ART.

Parsons, S. The Art of Landscape Architecture. Putnam.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ashley, R. L. Ancient Civilization. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Clarke, A. G. Textbook on National Economy. London: P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net.
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